The Saga of the Sagan Ballet

Dance and Dancers

MARCH 1958

This month's full ballet guide

2s

TONI LANDER and VLADIMIR SKOURATOFF

in Francoise Sagan's *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* (The Broken Date)

Pamela May

Belinda Wright

Beryl Grey

Colette Marchand

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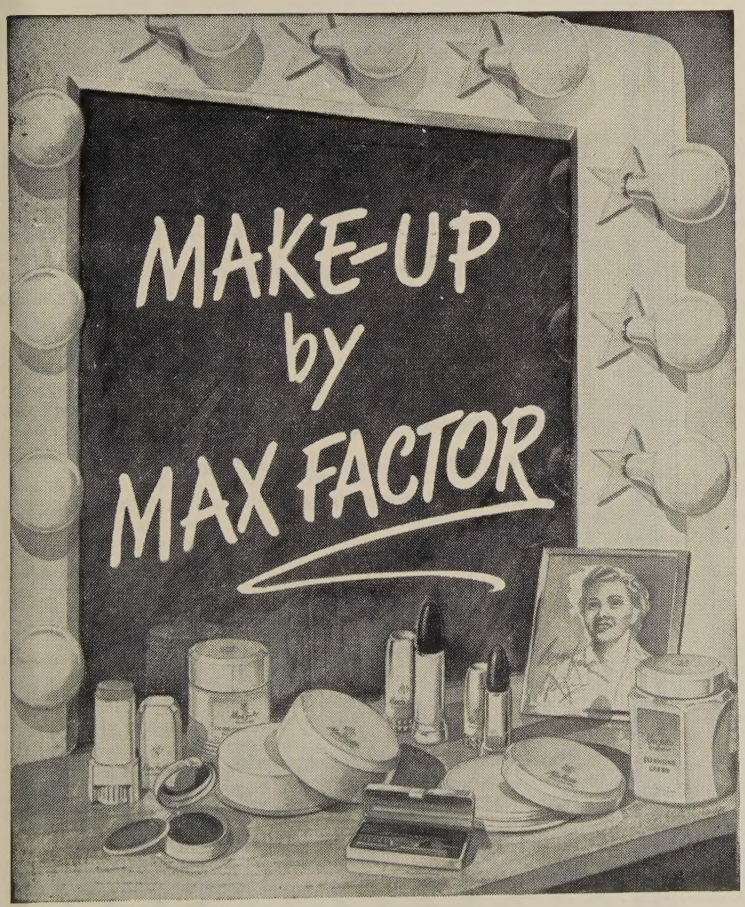

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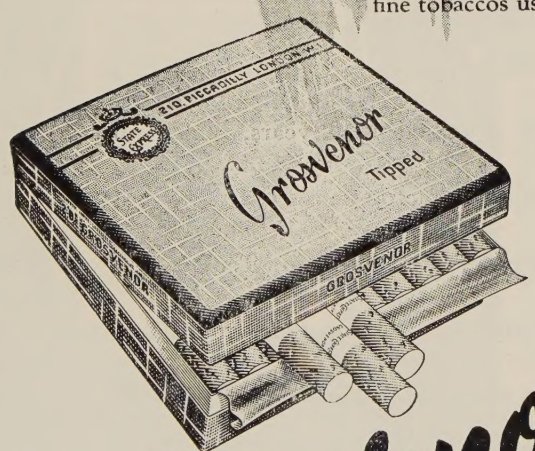

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Personality of the month

ROBERT HELPMANN

ROBERT HELPMANN's return to ballet must intrigue the younger ballet-goers and evoke a nostalgic response from the slightly older generation. A Jack-of-all-theatrical-trades, Helpmann more than anyone else imposed his personality on the whole decade of British ballet from approximately 1937 onwards. During the war it was he, more, even, than Fonteyn, who was the great star, and his unswerving loyalty to the ballet—in the face of other tempting offers—did much to ensure its survival.

His uncertain technical command—even in his hey-day his academic technique was not quite the equal of the average contemporary *corps de ballet* dancer—and a certain lack of virility prevented him from reaching the same heights as, say, Dolin or Somes as a *premier danseur*. Yet he was always a very competent partner, and all his classical work showed professionalism, style and a stagecraft which masked quite a few of his more obvious shortcomings.

As a ballet actor he suffered from a tendency to exaggerate; the tragic often becoming melodramatic, the comic sometimes becoming burlesque. But in some ballets, such as *Apparitions* and *A Wedding Bouquet*, he has proved right up to the present day to be irreplaceable. His great virtue as a dancer, the quality that made him an indisputable star, was his stage presence, or magnetic personality. No other dancer —unless it were Massine, who for obvious reasons was in a somewhat different category—could stand still on a stage with such commanding effect.

It is easy to dismiss his attempts at creative choreography as mere dramatic posturings accompanied by music. In their time, when there were hardly any male dancers available and the whole technical level of the company was plummeting, they fulfilled a very useful purpose. In what was only his second ballet, *Hamlet*, soon to be revived, he showed a startling sense of the theatre that would be praiseworthy in any apprentice choreographer.

His return to ballet after all his recent successes in the legitimate theatre is as welcome as it is unexpected, and shows, for a man of 48, the courage and enterprise that has always marked his career. Boldest of all is his intention to dance the taxing title rôle in *Petrushka*.

March 1958 9th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 9 No. 3

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. MASON
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Author ! Author !

WHATEVER may be the final result of Françoise Sagan's first attempt at a ballet scenario, *Le Rendez-vous Manqué*, one thing has emerged from the whole affair which is as plain as a pikestaff. It is that the writer has suddenly become of vital importance to ballet. When people talk of this work they inevitably call it the "Sagan ballet." It is possible that, in this case, the situation has become slightly deranged and that far too much has been made of the author. Yet the fact remains that the ballet has been sold to the world—not on the names of the dancers, composer, designer or choreographer—but on the name of that far-too-long neglected person the writer of the scenario.

Of course in the time of Diaghilev, the author took on an importance almost equal to that of those responsible for a ballet's other elements. Lately in France this person has not been neglected and has in fact played his part in certain notable creations—remember Jacques Prevert *(Le Rendez-vous)*, Jean Anouilh *(Les Demoiselles de la Nuit* and *Le Loup)* and Philippe Heriat *(Piège de Lumiére)* to mention only a few. These people have given to their ballets a dramatic and poetic quality which would otherwise have been lacking.

It becomes more and more apparent that the repertoire of any ballet company needs a balance, and that ballets with a story, or dramatic idea, are what most repertoires sadly lack. In England, I am afraid, the author has been almost completely neglected and there was a time when he was dismissed utterly as being one of ballet's non-essentials. With a new generation of choreographers coming on, there are signs of an awareness of the need for a scenario written by the person most likely to be able to supply it. Even so, there is still a tendency for a choreographer, when a work is commissioned, to be told that he must think up and supply a story.

Were we living in a country where there was any lack of good writers then this practice would, to a certain extent, be excusable, but we don't. In England there are some very fine writers who would doubtless be only too happy to give some of their ideas to the service of ballet. Does anyone ever ask them? Does anyone even think of them? Has it ever entered anybody's head that people like T. S. Eliot, Graham Greene, John Osborne or Angus Wilson, to mention just a few names which immediately come into my head, might be very glad to be associated with a ballet?

There is definitely something lacking in the British creations over the past few years and the main reason for this has been the absence of any original idea. We have heard interesting scores, seen fine dancing and imaginative choreography, but these have not always added up to a satisfactory whole. Perhaps a little consideration for the author might put this right—anyway, no harm can be done in giving him a chance.

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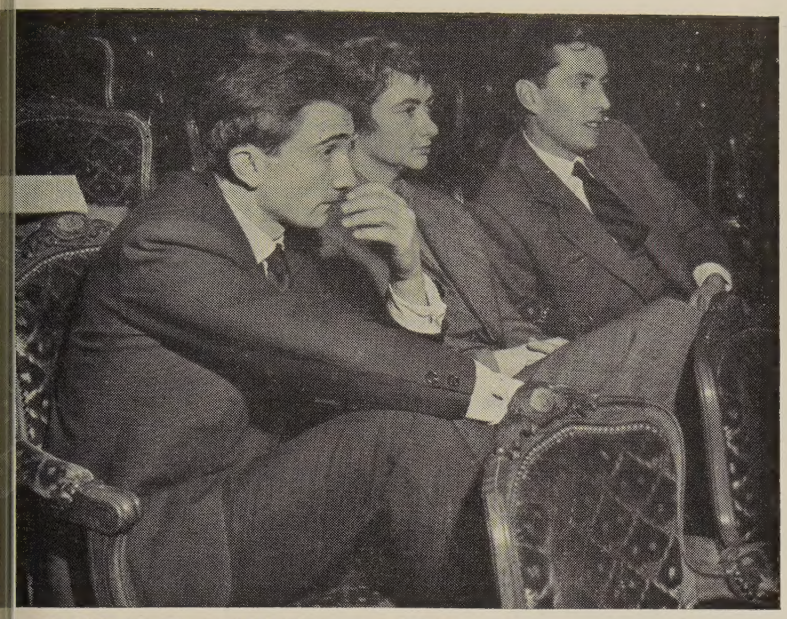

CREATORS IN CONFERENCE: Michel Magne (composer), Françoise Sagan, and Bernard Buffet (designer) sitting in the auditorium of the Théâtre de Monte-Carlo watching a rehearsal of Le Rendez-vous Manqué. *Photo: Lido*

YACHT PARTY: Sagan with Mr. and Mrs. Onassis at the party given on the famous Onassis yacht in Monaco harbour. Members of the ballet company were invited and the occasion was the first at which press photographers were allowed to take pictures on board. Photo: Lido

THE SAGAN SAGA

The story of the creation of Francoise Sagan's *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* in Monte Carlo

by PETER WILLIAMS

"THERE is nowhere in the world that I would rather be at this moment than in Monte Carlo," wrote a columnist in the popular press referring to the pother that was going on about the creation of the Sagan ballet in Monte Carlo. This and many other similar statements from the world's popular newspapers I read as the Nice-bound *Viscount* pierced the clouds and streaked across the blue sky, over that frothy white world that always looks like a gargantuan advertisement for somebody's soap powder. In the next seat to me was Margaret Dale eager to get a glimpse of the ballet with a view to the BBC putting it on television, across the aisle was Alfred Delval who, without seeing the ballet, had engaged it for a month's season at the Dominion Theatre in London. Across the aisle also was Anton Dolin ostensibly going to Monte Carlo to look at his villa though I suspected that to be only a good excuse to see all the fun.

Strange is the power of publicity because had the work merely been by the world's greatest choreographer with a cast of, say, Markova, Fonteyn, Ulanova and Chauviré, hardly a ripple would have disturbed the even flow of printer's ink spilled about international crises, scandal and murder. But the name of Sagan has almost become legendary, not so much because at an early age she showed a remarkable understanding of adult amatory behaviour in her first novel *Bonjour Tristesse*, but because she has a penchant for fast cars, one of which nearly cost her her life. Her recovery became the breakfast topic of the world; her recovery also turned her own thoughts to a ballet scenario. In the whole history of literary achievement no near-fatal accident can have been worth so many millions of francs in publicity.

But although this accident brought Françoise Sagan international fame it would be a pity if this obscured the real merit of her writing. Her first book in French showed a remarkable maturity and sense of style, though the second of these qualities was not so apparent in the English translation. But this style has continued in the two novels which followed *Bonjour Tristesse* though they would not have caused any great excitement had they been written by anyone else. Compared to Colette, however, who wrote the Claudine novels at much the same age, they are revealed as pretty small fry. Colette was one of France's greatest literary figures of this century, and she once wrote the scenario for an opera—*L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*—to the music of Maurice Ravel, but I have never heard that this historic combination sent people hurtling through the air in their eagerness to attend its first performance. Yet here we were, a tiny part of a great influx —if the papers were to be believed—converging on Monte Carlo. The principality of Monaco, it seemed, had not known so much excitement since the Prince Rainier–Grace Kelly wedding.

Compared with all this press hullabaloo,

CHOREOGRAPHER AT WORK: John Taras, responsible for the first and last acts of Le Rendez-vous Manqué, *rehearses Toni Lander and Vladimir Skouratoff. Photo: Lido*

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Nice seemed very quiet. The charming new airport with its glass front and its spacious terraces was literally deserted. The lower Corniche road showed no signs of great activity nor had the recent inundations, described with such dramatic fervour in the press, caused any very serious damage. As for Monte Carlo, it looked its same unruffled self—balmy air, oranges ripening on the trees, the same princesses and deposed royalty in just the same places, the same faces in the Hôtel de Paris bar, nothing had altered. Nothing? Well, just one thing perhaps—the fruit machines in the foyer of the casino now started at 100 francs instead of 20. Otherwise not a sign, thank goodness, of the turmoil we had been promised.

I had first heard about the Sagan ballet when I was in Seville during the late summer. Albert Sarfati, the impresario and director of the present company, told me the idea after lunch on a grilling hot day while we were waiting to go to a bull fight. Then, Skibine was to be responsible for the choreography and possibly Picasso would design some of the scenery while Jean Cocteau was to design and produce the rest. The cast was to be a mixture of modern dancers and negroes. The intervening months had changed the ballet a bit, though the story, as Sarfati originally told it to me, remained unaltered. Skibine was not given permission by the Paris Opéra to take time off to choreograph the work. He was replaced by John Taras, for the first and last acts, and by Don Lurio for the modern jazz of the middle act. That most prolific French artist, Bernard Buffet, now replaced Picasso and Cocteau; film director Roger Vadim was responsible for the production. The music was in the hands of Michel Magne, whom Skibine had previously described to me as being "a sort of French Stan Kenton." Originally the cabaret singer Juliette Greco, for whom Sagan has written the lyrics of many songs, was to have been an important part of the production, but in the end she was replaced by Noëlle Adam, a dancer well known in Parisian cabaret.

The grapevine, which does not have to exert itself much in a place as small as Monte Carlo, was working overtime—all the costumes in one act had been changed, the rehearsals had gone on all night, Buffet had changed the scenery of the last act and was painting on lantern slides up to the moment the curtain went up. In fact it sounded a bit doubtful as to whether the curtain would go up.

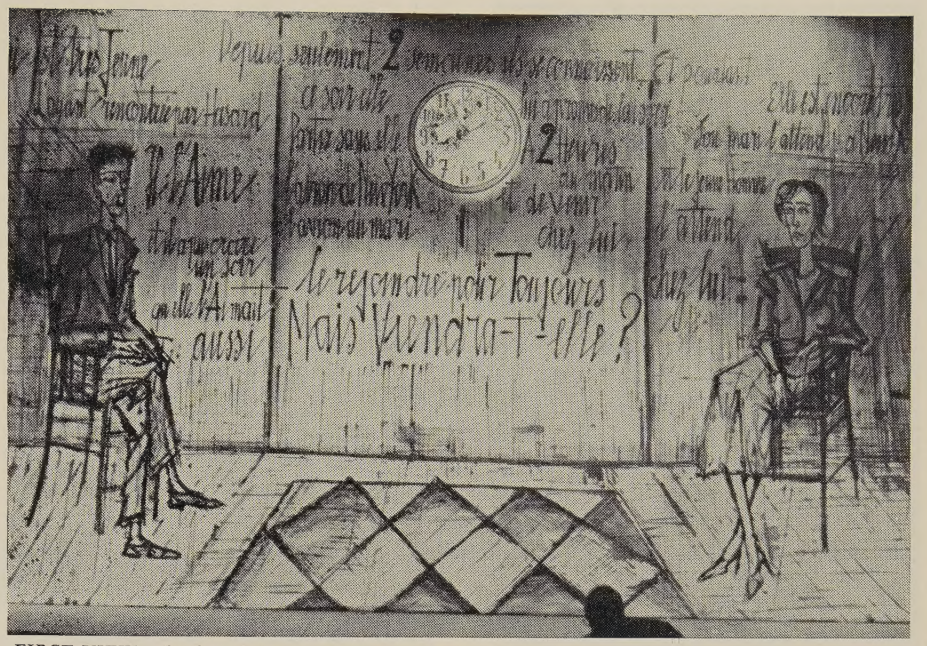
It was therefore with rather mixed feelings that I mounted the steps of the Casino at 8.55 on the evening of January 3, 1958. In the foyer, Jean Cocteau, in a black cloak and looking grey and distinguished, was playing the one-arm-bandits (fruit machines) for the benefit of the press, gathered in their hundreds. The flashes from their flash-bulbs rivalled the pyrotechnic display given in Monaco harbour on Prince Rainier's birthday. The same thing happened in the theatre, and as my seat was just behind that of Françoise Sagan I hardly saw any of the first act, so blinded was I by the flashes. At 9.17, not really late judged by French standards, the curtain arose on the world première of:

Le Rendez-vous Manqué

Ballet in three acts by Françoise Sagan. Choreography by John Taras (Acts 1 and 3) and Don Lurio (Act 2). Music by Michel Magne. Designed by Bernard Buffet (Costumes for Act 1 by Franco Laurenti). Production by Roger Vadim.

Cast

The Young Man VLADIMIR SKOURATOFF
The Vamp NOELLE ADAM
The Young Woman TONI LANDER
Corps de Ballet of Flowers, Flames, Clock Pendulums and Uninvited Guests at a Surprise Party



FIRST VIEW: The first that the audience saw of the Sagan ballet was this drop curtain designed by Bernard Buffet. It tells the story of what has happened up to the time the curtain rises. Photo: Lido

STORY

A YOUNG Man, from a good bourgeois provincial family, meets a Young Woman who is very elegant and received everywhere in Paris. For a short while they enjoy a brief affair but the time comes when she has to return to her husband in New York. She promises the Young Man one more rendezvous on her way to Orly airport.

The first act opens with the Young Man alone in his apartment filled with joy at the thought of the promised meeting. He tries to arrange some roses in a vase but accidentally knocks them over. This is followed by a waltz for the *corps de ballet* as roses. He then goes over to the fireplace and immediately the flames come to life in a divertissement which includes a Spanish dance and a Charleston. The clock goes on ticking away the minutes and the movement of the pendulum is represented in a *pas de deux*. Finally there is a knock on the door—is it she?—The Young Man rushes to open it as the curtain falls.

The continuity is provided in act two by the knock being repeated. But it is not the Young Woman who appears but a number of people who have chosen the house for a surprise party. They drink and dance and the Young Man is attracted to one of the guests, the Vamp, to whom he makes love in the bathroom. Sickened at himself he drives everyone from the apartment.

Left alone, in the beginning of act three, the Young Man recalls the episodes in his affair with the Young Woman—the meeting before the bandstand, the revelation that she is a rich woman, the first time they made love, the eventual knowledge that she must return to her husband, the nightmare. He becomes convinced that he will never see her again so, in desperation, he takes poison. He sinks down on the sofa as the Young Woman comes in for the promised meeting. He recovers enough to dance with her for the last time, but ends up again on the sofa. Thinking that he is merely asleep, she goes over to kiss him but he rolls on to the floor—dead.

TREATMENT

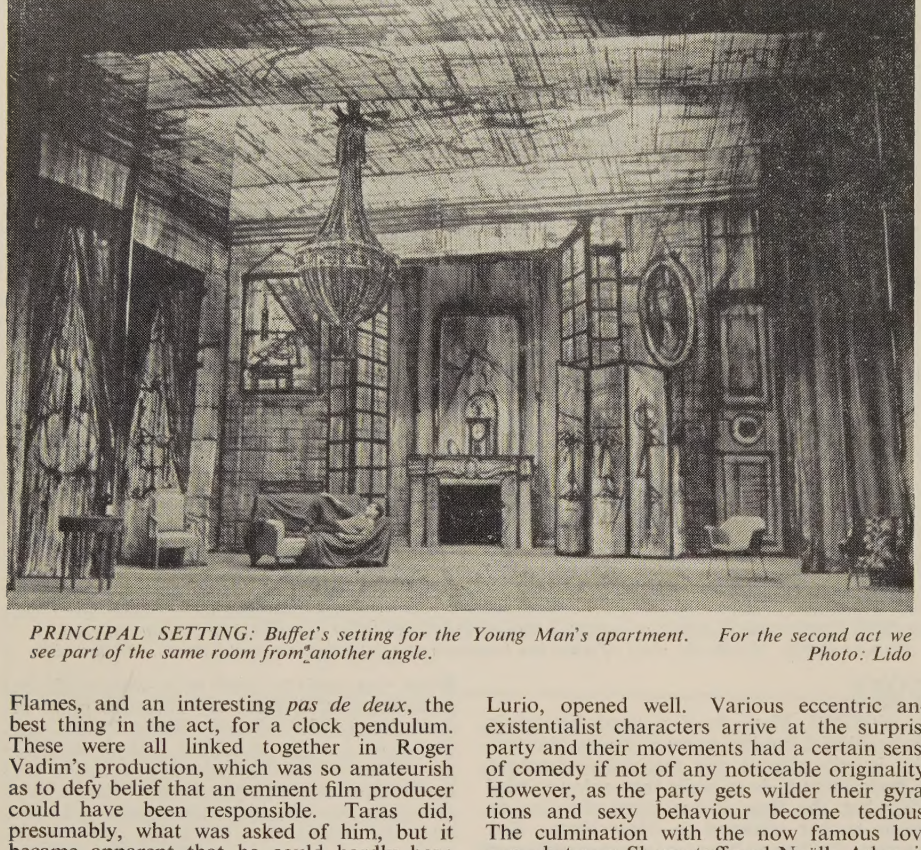
THE stories for the great three-act ballets have never been of any great shakes but there have always been compensations—magnificent scores and wonderful choreography. When you come to think of it, what could be more uneventful, from the narrative point of view, than *The Sleeping Beauty*? So one welcomes a three-act ballet with a contemporary theme and Françoise Sagan, one of the most talked-about young French writers, is a not unobvious choice. But whereas the old fairy tale ballets were but a peg upon which to hang a lot of ballet paraphernalia, in the present case the whole procedure becomes a bit unhinged owing to Sagan, deliberately or inadvertently, becoming the motivating force behind the whole thing.

Her story, as you will see from the above synopsis, is slight which does not mean to say that it is weak. But if the ballet's other elements are rather perfunctorily tacked-on, then the story has to be gripping enough to keep an audience from wriggling about in its seat during the whole of three acts. The theme of a young boy's affair with a married woman is mundane, to say the least; what should keep you on tenterhooks is whether she will come and visit him for a last rough-and-tumble before returning to the legitimate arms of her husband in America.

During the whole of the first act, Skouratoff as the Young Man wonders whether she will arrive and while waiting gets mixed up in a divertissement which brings various relevant objects to life.

The second act has little bearing on the story except to bring on a modern jazz element, and prove that any man can be as unfaithful as anyone else when the occasion presents itself. When we finally meet the real object of his affection, in a series of flash-backs, it is far too late for us to care what happens to their sordid little romance. In fact we never get any sense of relationship between the ballet's two principal characters. Had the work only been of 30 minutes duration, the real drama might have resolved itself; as it is, that has proved to be the enemy of Sagan's original idea.

I shall never believe that any ballet can have an entity with two choreographers working on it, particularly if they are only hauled in almost at the last moment. Their work is bound to become a superimposition. Taras is essentially a neo-classic choreographer and the choice of him for the first and last acts was curious. He provided some restless *soli* for Skouratoff, a *ballabile* for a *corps de ballet* of Roses, a Charleston and Spanish dance for some



PRINCIPAL SETTING: Buffet's setting for the Young Man's apartment. For the second act we see part of the same room from another angle. *Photo: Lido*

Flames, and an interesting *pas de deux*, the best thing in the act, for a clock pendulum. These were all linked together in Roger Vadim's production, which was so amateurish as to defy belief that an eminent film producer could have been responsible. Taras did, presumably, what was asked of him, but it became apparent that he could hardly have had a great deal of interest in a broth stirred by so many cooks.

The second act, choreographed by Don Lurio, opened well. Various eccentric and existentialist characters arrive at the surprise party and their movements had a certain sense of comedy if not of any noticeable originality. However, as the party gets wilder their gyrations and sexy behaviour become tedious. The culmination with the now famous love scene between Skouratoff and Noëlle Adam in the bathroom is realistic but not very shocking. It is hard to see that any purpose is served by such a display. Remembering how beautifully Roland Petit stylised the whole sexual act in his *Carmen* bedroom scene, I had thought that no matter what the French did on the stage in this respect it could still be done with such taste that it could be palatable and even beautiful. Somehow this emerges like uninterestingly dirty words scribbled on lavatory walls.

SURPRISING PARTY: Skouratoff succumbs to the advances of Noëlle Adam, in the second act, she is supported by William Lundy on the floor. *Photo: Lido*

The last act consists of a number of short revue-like scenes of no particular merit apart from the long love *pas de deux* between Skouratoff and Toni Lander, which was undoubtedly the high-spot of the ballet—but we had waited too long. What Taras has done—entangling legs and arms—is theatrically effective and, apart from one movement, it has style and taste. As a *pas de deux* it has nothing that has not already been seen in Petit ballets. When the girl finally arrives in person—her other appearances have been in flash-back scenes—she has a short lyrical *pas de deux* with the dying man and also a variation which somehow did not seem to go with her Balmain evening dress. But, as in the opening act, the choreographic merit was let down by the inadequate production. If a ballet is to get a contemporary everyday story across, then the actual production is of the most vital importance. In this case, good or even adequate production could have covered the bitty nature of the choreography.

Again, an effective score could have saved the day, but I am afraid that Michel Magne's French version of Hollywood background music was so pedestrian that never did more than lope along in the wake of minor American masters of popular music—very minor masters. Magne has written some excellent music for Juliette Greco songs but that, alas, is hardly enough for a full-length ballet score which is possibly one of the most complex assignments ever asked of a composer. There is nothing wrong with popular tunes as a basis for a ballet score, and the finest scores in the world are full of them, but the whole secret lies in the orchestration. This was unimaginative and the Monte Carlo orchestra, conducted by the composer himself, did not appear to be very happy with it either.

Disposing of the least satisfactory elements of *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* we come to those not so *manqué*. The main burden of the dancing fell on the shoulders of Skouratoff who was on most of the time in every act. He is a very fine dancer and what he has to do must amount to one of the most exhausting male rôles in contemporary ballet. He danced for all he was worth and appeared to be tireless. Where he fails is in his interpretation of the opening act—he suffers too much. I could not help feeling that if he was excited about the thought of seeing his girl—and you only knock over bowls of roses if you are excited—then he should have expressed some sort of pleasure in anticipation. As it is, such is his apparent agony that an immediate impression is formed that the girl has already left for America without saying good-bye. Here again this may have been more the fault of the producer than of Skouratoff. In the later scenes he was certainly at liberty to suffer as much as he liked.

As the sexy vamp, Noëlle Adam played the part up to the hilt and hers amounted to the most complete performance in the whole evening. She is not the obvious sort of vamp but one of those who pout and sulk and look so damnably attractive that you would be bound to pick her out—and up—at a party. No woman would be deceived by her one-track intent, but most men would be hopelessly hoodwinked. A home-breaker if ever there was one and I loved her. Apart from these intriguing qualities she also happens to be a very good dancer.

It was difficult to adjust oneself to Toni Lander as the married woman. So long have

we thought of her as the perfectly controlled and immaculate technician of *Etudes* or the charming peasant heroine of *Napoli* that it came as something of a shock to find her involved in even a good strip-and-wriggle *pas de deux*. Rather as I imagine it must have been seeing Moira Shearer in *Carmen*. Yet possibly this was just the sort of shock which Sagan intended in her story. The fact that Lander is so obviously a nice and decorous girl made the impact of her passionate love scene even more effective. Needless to say she danced it all most excellently though in her acting scenes she seemed to lack conviction. Again I think the producer was to blame.

The *corps de ballet* seemed under-rehearsed in the opening scene though they entered into the spirit of the surprise party scene with great gusto. Several of the dancers, undistinguishable in the programme from the rest of the *corps*, did some very acrobatic leaps and turns and provoked a lot of applause.

By far the most satisfactory aspect of the evening was in the designing of Bernard Buffet.

THE CAUSE OF THE TROUBLE: Skouratoff and Noëlle Adam in the bathroom scene which caused such a scandal on the opening night. *Photo: Lido*

It is not easy to design, for ballet at any rate, a rather shabby room which has to be seen through most of the evening, yet I found his chartreuse and grey setting with all its detail rather heavily sketched-in a never-ending source of fascination. Particularly effective was the interesting perspective he managed to get into the ceiling. He only introduces one spot of definite colour in a dark red sofa, the one upon which the Young Man eventually dies. In a way it is a very "busy" setting, yet the scene-painters have managed to give it a patina so that no part of it holds the eye for any undue length of time.

For the second act, Buffet has shown us another aspect of the room with a staircase leading up to the bathroom. This room, snbject of so much controversy, is shown through a transparency and the bathroom objects are sketched in black on a white ground.

In Monte Carlo, the flash-back scenes in the last act were merely sentences, describing the story, projected on lantern slides; by the time the production opened in Paris, these were replaced by several designed back-cloths. Of course it is all just like a Buffet easel painting, but it has a theatrical sense which is stimulating. The costumes which appeared against it were haphazard, to say the least, and it looked as though everyone was wearing garments out of their own wardrobes. Lander had some dresses from Balmain but what may look magnificent in the salon never shows up too well on the stage.

THAT then is what Monte Carlo saw at this greatly publicized world première. During the intervals, pandemonium reigned in the foyer. Flash-bulbs continued to fizzle and dazzle over every foot of the marble floor; the celebrities conveyed their personal impressions of the ballet to the outside world through walkie-talkie microphones. Everyone seemed very shocked at the bathroom scene.

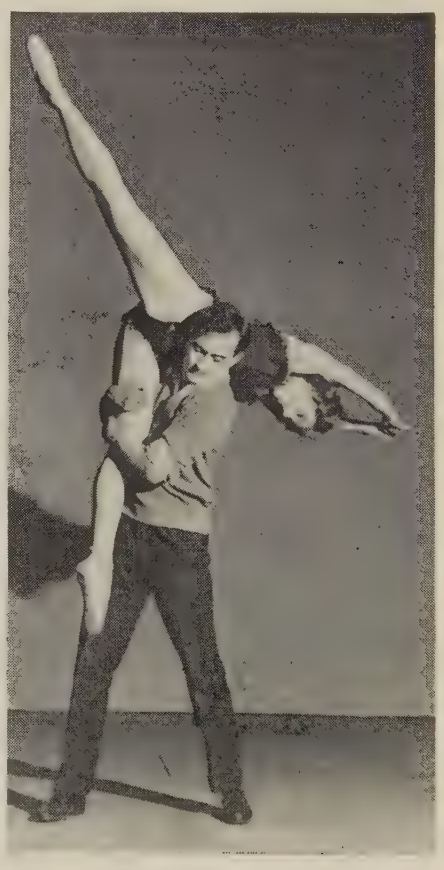
The next morning, a message came from the Palace to say that unless certain features of the production were changed, Prince Rainier and Princess Grace Patricia would not attend the second performance. Everyone immediately got to work on cleaning up certain scenes. By the time the curtain rose again, the offending moments had been so ironed out that the ballet could have been shown to a kindergarten without provoking difficult questions from the children. However, the second interval went on interminably and the party from the Palace did not return to the Royal box; everyone waited on imagining that there had in fact been a royal walk-out. It eventually turned out that Princess Grace had to put a telephone call through to New York and when this was completed the ballet proceeded to its rightful conclusion. By the third performance many things had been tightened up and the ballet was received with considerable warmth. On the way out I heard one be-feathered and be-diamonded lady say to her friend, "Dear, I thought it absolutely *charming*." Which proves that some of us may just have nasty minds.

Since Monte Carlo, a number of changes have been made, the principal one being the removal of the producer. The first two acts have been telescoped into one and new back-cloths have been designed for the last act.

The Paris critics did not receive the work with any great warmth but before London sees *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* it will have been drastically changed again. Miracles are not unusual in the theatre and it may be that the London public will welcome this new full-evening ballet. At any rate it is a definite attempt to bring full-evening ballets into line with the thought and behaviour of our time and if it does not succeed it may possibly inspire somebody who will.

TWO LOVES OF SKOURATOFF: Above, Skouratoff is seen with Noëlle Adam at the beginning of the surprise party scene.

Below, in a pas de deux *with Toni Lander from the last act.* *Photos: Lido*



YVETTE CHAUVIRÉ
creates a modern rôle

Last month, France's great ballerina wrote about her approach to the role of *Giselle*. This month we asked her to write about her approach to a contemporary role which has meant most to her career.

YOU ask me, dear Mr. Williams, which ballets have meant the most to me in my career. It is difficult for me to give you an answer, and for me to list all those works in which I have enjoyed dancing and which have revealed themselves to me would, perhaps, take too long a time. But, among them, *La Péri* stands out.

La Peri

Presented at Vichy in August 1955. Ballet by Constantin Népo after the *poème dansé* on the music of Paul Dukas. Choreography, Yvette Chauviré. Décor, costumes and production by Constantin Népo.

ARGUMENT (after the poem)

TRAVELLING through the enchanted maze of an Oriental palace in a dream, Prince Iskander, in his quest for the flower of immortality, comes to the end of the world. He travels through the astral sky while the sun and moon make three revolutions, but he does not find it.

But there, on the slopes of the Palace of the Péris reclines the Enchantress who keeps the flower of immortality. Iskander steals from her the secret of eternal life and flies triumphantly into space.

Suddenly the Péri awakens and darts forth to regain her secret. She dances before Iskander, who stands in wonder before this sacred dance. She takes back the flower from him and assumes her sacred pose once again. Hiding herself in the shades of night, the flower scintillates in her hand, re-creating the eternity of her purpose.

The vision fled, Iskander, in love and full of despair, feels that he is only a mortal and he lets himself be invaded by the shadow of the dream.

If I write with some show of emotion, it is because *La Péri* is an intensely musical work which I admire enormously and which has attracted me for many years. I was never chosen to dance it at the Paris Opéra—because of various circumstances of no great interest the occasion never presented itself.

But in 1955 I was invited to reproduce and also dance in this work for the Festival de Musique Française at Vichy. For me this was an event of the greatest importance, I was overcome with excitement. I read and re-read its subject, a subject so poetic which evokes not only the atmosphere of an Oriental dream, but also a theme of human drama—the eternal quest for an ideal and the frailty of man.

Prince Iskander, feeling old-age approaching and unable to bear the thought of death, wants to return to the Indies. He goes to the Orient in search of the Priests who possess the flower of immortality. But if Paul Dukas was inspired by this lovely Persian legend, I was overpowered by his music, and it is really to him that I owe my great inspiration.

LA PERI AND THE FLOWER: Yvette Chauviré with the corps de ballet *in her version of* La Péri, *given at Vichy in* 1955. *Photo: Lido*

CHAUVIRE, THE CREATOR: A composite picture of Chauviré showing her various creative talents. She is a very fine artist, her flower paintings being particularly beautiful

The beauty of its opening passages, the burst of trumpets illustrating so marvellously the splendour of the age of a great king, then the musical silence, the mystery, the strange infinity, the loneliness . . . then the balanced rhythmic accents, the light Oriental flourishes expressed with finesse and extreme delicateness —then the strong rhythms, the harmonies, the brightness of the orchestration, the vibrations of the dance of La Péri—all these elements finally exalted me and inspired me. And I knew at once that the style of my choreography must be austere and full of a mysterious discipline.

With the poem serving as a base, it was necessary for me to discover a style which would strongly illustrate the steps, patterns and action, and the Oriental atmosphere of the ballet.

Persian art failed to lend me the material I required, so I continued searching. Influenced also by the story of "Iskander Alexander the Great" returning to the Indies to pluck the flower of immortality, I made a very adroit compromise. In my mind I set the limits of the world on the shores of India, where I saw the temple of La Péri, keeper of the flower, surrounded by her attendant Péris.

I confess to having been attracted and inspired by the ancient Hindu bas-reliefs; so sumptuous, startling, hieratic and divine. Frozen in poses and attitudes they seem to dance; they are interwoven in a manner so erotic and yet so pure—all the wonderful songs of praise from the soul which come from these groups enriched by creative imagination.

While I listened to the noble music, so rich in lines of melody—I saw in my mind these splendid forms entwining and untwining themselves to give me an astonishing impression of these elaborate Hindu bas-reliefs. I did not hesitate further and I constructed the whole work in this style. Constantin Népo's décors and costumes also reflect the same inspiration.

The poem says: "The flower of the Lotus glitters . . . undulates." I did not want to use an artificial flower, which would have been so rigid and strict that it could have brought nothing to the fantasy, the unreal or the poetic. Before my mirror I began to study my hand, and I saw being born a strange and mysterious flower, a flower which became fixed in my mind and in my hand.

My Version

I WILL now give you an impression of the ballet as I have composed it; as I have seen it!

Iskander, after having travelled for a long time, discouraged and exhausted, has collapsed in a desert, lost in his thoughts. He revives, more alert but feverish, eager to find the flower. On his journey he meets a very strange creature composed of interlaced arms and legs. He cuts it to pieces, but before his eyes it multiplies itself into little Péris. He stands in wonder before these strange and captivating beings, marvelling at the way in which they change themselves into the shape of small trees (their hands shaped in the form of the Lotus flower); they are attempting to deceive him and entice him off the path which leads to the temple of La Péri. Iskander breathes the perfume of these flowers, but realises very quickly that he has become victim to the enchantment of the Péris.

Then he concentrates and thinks.

After the departure of the Péris, two Genies enter from downstage and place themselves over his prostrate form. With their hands they make the sign of the Lotus and Prince Iskander has this revelation.

He rises slowly as if inspired. The scene uncovers a small temple thousands of years old in a light mist, blue in the distance of rippling lines where the earth meets the sky at the end of the world.

The sky becomes clear. The little temple seems asleep—a moving light attracts Iskander's attention. He approaches it. "She shines." It is the flower (it is only the hand lit, its outside rose and gold as if lit from the interior). It quivers, it seems to breathe. Iskander takes it! But at this moment (it is the hand of the dancer which takes the form of the mysterious flower; the other hand is hidden) a brilliant light flashes forth and dazzles him; he is bathed in light.

The flower stirs violently, turns, quivers and palpitates. In a moment, Iskander is lifted by the two Genies who represent the strength and youth which he feels rising in his body. He leaves the ground, he flies! And he escapes in the air like a demi-God.

Then, in a brilliant light, La Péri comes down from her temple. She is draped in a cloak sparkling with a thousand precious stones. Traversing the stage, she seems to skim the ground, and her anxiety and rage are shown in her proud poses. Here is the inaccessible Goddess in person, but dispossessed of her symbol by a mortal who dared to ravish her. Determined to regain the flower, she slips her cloak into the hands of her attendants and begins her dance of seduction.

Hardly has she begun than Iskander, unable to help himself, returns. The Péri dances, invisible to his eyes, although he feels her presence and senses danger. Each time she approaches him to seize the flower, he protects it instinctively and escapes again.

But La Péri orders her subjects to lead him by his feet and he is flung into the middle of the stage, where he crouches. There he protects the flower against his chest magnificently, but he is uneasy and overwhelmed by the dazzling apparition of the Goddess who appears to dance before him. She dances. It is the dance of the Péris; the dance of seduction. She is like a white peacock, her whole body quivering as if to display her plumage.

Iskander falls under her spell and he has only eyes for the Péri, whom he desires. With her apparitions and disappearances she enchants him more and more, and so strong is the force of this suggestion that he is certain that La Péri is coming towards him and that she has thrown herself into his arms. The sensations which she makes him experience are so intense that he believes that he possesses her. He surrenders the flower of the Lotus and collapses. The hand of the dancer assumes its real form again, and that of La Péri becomes again palpitating, moving more than ever.

Meanwhile, shadows fall, and Iskander, his strength exhausted, begs the Péri in vain, for she ignores him. The two Genies reappear, trailing behind them an immense black cloth with which they cover Iskander completely during their journey across the stage. He dies. La Péri climbs the steps of the temple and assumes her sacred pose, more beautiful, more mysterious, more remote than ever, dominating the space around her, glittering with a thousand fires for eternity.

This is, in effect, my idea of the ballet, *La Péri*, because how could the keeper of the flower of immortality, a Goddess of such purity, give herself like a mortal . . . and remain pure?

ISKANDER UNDER THE SPELL: Serge Perrault, as Iskander, bewitched by La Péri (Chauviré) in her attempt to get back the flower of immortality. *Photo: Lido*

Notes on *La Péri*

THE story of *La Péri* has long attracted choreographers, and it was in 1843, two years after the original production of *Giselle*, that it was first given at the Paris Opéra. The team responsible for this ballet was very similar also to the creators of *Giselle*—book by Gautier, choreography by Coralli, music by Burgmuller (who also wrote some of the additions to the *Giselle* score), and with Carlotta Grisi in the title rôle. The ballet achieved great international fame, being given at Drury Lane, London, in the same year and in St. Petersburg in the following year.

It was in 1912 that Bakst had the idea of using the story as a short ballet, for which Dukas composed the music. It was originally intended for the Diaghilev Ballet with Trouhanova in the title rôle, but the production never materialized. In 1921 Clustine used the idea and the Dukas music for Pavlova, and it was given at the Paris Opéra. Later in that year it went into the regular repertoire of the Opéra with new choreography by Leo Staats. Ten years later, Frederick Ashton choreographed the work for the Ballet Club with Alicia Markova in the title rôle, and in 1946 Serge Lifar mounted it for Le Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo. Chauviré did her own choreography for the production in which she starred at Vichy in 1955. Frederick Ashton did his second version of the ballet for Margot Fonteyn, which was first given at Covent Garden in 1956.

—MASSINE'S RED INDIAN DANCES—

Owing to shortage of space, the Massine lectures and photographs of Red Indian dancing have been held over until the April issue.

THE BURROW

First given by the Royal Ballet at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden on January 2, 1958. Choreography and scenario by Kenneth MacMillan. Music by Frank Martin. Scenery and costumes by Nicholas Georgiadis

CAST

The Woman	ANNE HEATON
The Joker	DONALD BRITTON
The Outcast	EDWARD MILLER
Two Adolescents	LYNN SEYMOUR, DONALD MacLEARY
Two Young Girls	BRENDA BOLTON, PAULINE BARNES
A Child	NOREEN SOPWITH
Two Women	YVONNE LAKIER, SHIRLEY BISHOP
Men	LESLIE WHITE, GORDON AITKEN, SIMON MOTTRAM, CHRISTOPHER GABLE, DAVID HOWARD, ALAN BEALE
Women	SYLVIA MICHAEL, ELIZABETH ANDERTON, MARGARET KNOESEN, PAMELA MONCUR

FEAR (above): Anne Heaton (centre), as the Woman, is suppressed by the other inhabitants of the burrow when her nerves are stretched to breaking point.
LOVE (below): Lynn Seymour and Donald MacLeary, as the two Adolescents, snatch a brief moment of happiness. *Photos: Roy Round*

PROGRAMME NOTE

THERE are many today who live in hiding, sealed off in some room. Such a room is a small world in which life burns more intensely; the flickering of a light bulb may bring despair.

The ballet introduces us to such a world; there is the woman close to breaking point; the man who is an outcast—even the victims of intolerance are intolerant—the over-cheerful man, whose humour is a bludgeon; the child, unconscious of fear but quick to seize the mood; and the lovers who can never be alone.

A knock on the door and their world is shattered. (A.L.H.)

CHOREOGRAPHY

PEOPLE with the Palm Court Orchestra attitude to ballet are not going to like *The Burrow* very much. In fact, with any luck, it might frighten them away altogether. MacMillan's latest work is not nice, not pleasant, not pretty and not even comfortable. Nor for that matter is it strikingly original—except for its honesty and integrity, both qualities which are too rare in our ballet.

It is a dramatic character ballet and it seems essential first to distinguish between it and the more usual dramatic narrative type. The latter tells a story, while MacMillan's purpose is to set a situation. Nothing happens in *The Burrow*. A group of people are awaiting the inevitable, and the inevitable, as it must, happens. That there are more than a few wisps of narrative found in the work does not prevent it from being fundamentally a ballet of atmosphere, more in the tradition—to borrow examples from an earlier period—of Tudor's *Jardin aux Lilas* than De Valois's *The Rake's Progress*.

The quality of MacMillan's choreography can be discussed later, but the work is also significant as being the first British dramatic ballet to deal, albeit obliquely, with post-war life.

Although I understand MacMillan has neither read *The Diary of Anne Frank* nor seen its stage adaptation, that this story of Jewish persecution during Hitler's war was the spark that set off his inspiration is abundantly clear. But a contemporary theme does not necessarily make for a contemporary ballet, as we saw twelve years ago with Helpmann's silly production, *Adam Zero*.

Where MacMillan has succeeded is in getting across something of the feeling of his generation. The real concern of his ballet is, I think, the portrayal of fear, just as in *Solitaire* his concern was the portrayal of loneliness.

Fear is something familiar to MacMillan's generation, something we instinctively recognize. To say the mushroom of Hiroshima has cast a shadow over our lives would be nonsense. We are not yet hysterical or noticeably neurotic, but the effect of having lived all our adult years in a world on the point of physical disintegration has produced a scarcely discernible undercurrent of panic below the surface calm of our amused or disinterested stoicism.

Those gentle little souls of our parents who first guided the atomic missiles are perfectly free to call us "bitter," "degenerate," "decadent," or even "angry," but as one of our maudlin folk-songs puts it: "It takes a worried man to sing a worried song," and deep down we *are* worried. Fortunately we are still able to fiddle pretty well, but if anyone actually shows us Rome burning—as John Osborne has done in his plays and as I think MacMillan does in *The Burrow*—we respond.

Please do not imagine that I am over-rating MacMillan. I realize that Ashton and Balanchine can still run circles around him as a choreographer, and that Fokine, Tudor, Lavrovsky and the rest could all teach him lessons in ballet-making. But with him, with Cranko (for let us forget *The Angels*) and with ballets like Peter Darrell's *The Prisoners*, British ballet is showing a new awareness, an involvement in life as we today know it. *The Burrow* is, I think, the most direct statement yet from this new "school," and it is incredible but heart-warming that it should arise from a State-sponsored organization which by all the miserable rules of the time-honoured game ought to be as conservative as the Athenæum. At last we have a group of choreographers bringing the same approach to the dance as do Jerome Robbins and others in America.

However, I must move from my sermon on to MacMillan's ballet. Earlier I made the point that nothing happened in *The Burrow*. This, of course, is not true, except in the narrow sense that the fundamental circumstances of its characters remain unchanged. The ballet is nevertheless full of events.

We are looking at a society trapped in a claustrophobic rat-hole. Characters and themes emerge almost at once. The Joker, whose hearty *bonhomie* first amuses, then irritates and finally infuriates, is contrasted with the grey-haired Outcast, imprisoned even within his prison.

The second-hand humour of the Joker's repetitious cracks jangle on the nerves, while his cocky, self-assured grin becomes hateful. When, at the end of the ballet, the group can finally stand his facetiousness no longer and the Woman slaps his stupid face, the Outcast breaks into revoltingly mirthless laughter. Here, when they both stand exposed, lost in their private drama, oblivious to the fateful knocking on the door, MacMillan touches a moment of greatness.

The other principals are equally carefully characterized. The neurotic Woman, treading fearfully through her personal nightmare, exists beyond the boundaries of the ballet in having a past and future. There is often a submerged gentle quality about her movements suggestive of a faded prosperity, and we can glimpse the fanged agony with which she will ultimately face the gas chambers.

For the two Adolescents in love, MacMillan has created fragmentary dances, tender in their observation, unsentimental in their honesty. Here is the note of hope in the cacophony of fear. The first frightened kiss, seen but not really noticed by the others, and the lyrical dances which follow are simple and direct. In an ugly, squalid world love remains triumphant, with, on MacMillan's part, a praiseworthy diffidence. It would have been tempting to have pointed his moral with a grandiose *pas de deux*, but how much more effective are these reticent embraces.

UNNATURAL GAIETY: Donald Britton as the Joker, with two Young Girls, Brenda Bolton and Pauline Barnes, caught up in a nervous, hectic dance. *Photo: Roy Round*

The only other important rôle is the Child, who, impudent and innocently knowing, struts through the ballet mocking the others with a horribly, precocious maturity. All the remaining characters, apart from the two blowsy Young Girls, are less clearly defined and only really exist as a background or tragic chorus.

As regards construction the ballet has quite a few faults, not the least being the somewhat contrived change of atmosphere when the light is extinguished during the music's middle movement. Many of the other construction flaws, the unduly exaggerated dramatic compression at the end of the ballet for example, can also be traced to the use of the existing score, but despite these faults MacMillan shows throughout an exciting theatricality.

The elegiac slow movement may lead to a loss of tension and an uncalled-for change of atmosphere, yet MacMillan has met the music's challenge at this point with typical resource. It was a fine idea, fundamentally, to have this movement lit only by candles, and by it the choreographer has made the best of his difficulties.

Another noteworthy instance of theatrical intelligence is to be found in the ballet's opening. As the ballet begins in silence one is given a very definite sense of time having already passed, and when the music starts soon after, it seems to imply that life in the burrow has taken on a new urgency, and is already moving towards its climax.

Choreographically the ballet is remarkably successful in its characterizations. Although MacMillan has not discarded his trade-marks, the stabbing points, eccentric jumps, swivelling hips and gauche arms, he has learnt to employ them to better effect. The boisterous movement-style given Britton in *Danses Concertantes* and *Solitaire*, for instance, is here used descriptively with telling effect.

I still think that MacMillan uses an unnecessarily narrow range of movement. His apparent aversion to the more obviously artificial academic steps, particularly the *double tour en l'air* and *entrechat*, is very Noverrean in what may be presumed the choreographer's quest for natural movement, but it nevertheless seems over-nice and rather limiting. Also while he is very selective in his use of classical technique, he is also far too free in his borrowings of expressionist movement—hunched shoulders and the rest—which in its often jerky stylization is some way removed from the naturalism that apparently is his aim. His floor patterns—especially in *The Burrow*—tend to be too formally arranged.

Apart from his other Frank Martin ballet, *Laiderette*, *The Burrow* is MacMillan's first excursion outside the field of *divertissement* structure, which was formerly to be found in even his dramatic ballets like *Noctambules*, and the continuous and integrated dance action is a definite advantage.

In summing up I would like to stress that *The Burrow* is primarily a work of dramatic impact. That it has faults I accept, yet these are of little importance in the face of the merits which place it among the most important ballets to be created by British choreographers.

DANCING

MACMILLAN had provided his dancers with exceptional opportunities to create characters in depth, and they responded with performances of quite remarkable dramatic urgency.

Anne Heaton, as the hysterical Woman, gave a commanding portrayal, all the more impressive for it being merged into the fabric of the ballet. This could so easily have become a *prima donna* exercise in stage neurasthenia, cheap and ranting. In fact Heaton chose to underplay the part, shading in its details with

TENSION: Anne Heaton, as the Woman, whose highly-strung portrayal is one of the many outstanding acting performances which enhance this distinguished ballet. *Photo: Roy Round*

small gestures, and retaining until the ballet's end the full flood of her hysteria.

The only dominating performance in the work was produced, as it should have been, by Donald Britton. His brash, extrovert portrait of an insufferably cheery moron had a holiday-camp heartiness that proved horribly fascinating as a type-study. It was also impressive that when the Joker was eventually humiliated, Britton succeeded in stripping off his comic mask and standing revealed as a self-pitying child just wanting to be liked. His dancing as such, pure and simple, must rank as one of the finest male character performances yet seen in British ballet.

The third remarkable portrayal came from the comparatively unknown Australian dancer Edward Miller, as the Outcast. A broken, embittered figure, sombre and compelling, like Heaton's it was performance of great taste and restraint. He provided a perfect foil for the exuberant Britton, and neither his youth nor his inexperience were discernible.

In a sense Lynn Seymour (*née* Springbett) and Donald MacLeary had more conventional rôles, but the touching, hesitant ardour they brought to the Adolescent lovers was immensely moving. Young Canadian dancer, Lynn Seymour, showed a charming quality all of her own, and should prove a distinct acquisition for the Royal Ballet.

Finally there was Noreen Sopwith's pitifully but obnoxiously precocious child, which was once more an intelligent and carefully thought out characterization.

All in all this was a wonderfully impressive performance, not so much for the dancing—which was excellent—but for the acting, and this was as true of the *corps de ballet* as the principals. I only wish the Royal Ballet—both sections—could always carry such conviction, for there has been no better example of corporate playing at Covent Garden since the Bolshoi.

MUSIC

PERHAPS it was a pity, as many have suggested, that *The Burrow* did not enjoy the benefit of a specially commissioned score. Yet MacMillan used the Martin music with such sensibility that, despite its disadvantages, I am doubtful whether it could have been bettered.

Frank Martin is a 67-year-old Swiss composer, now living in Holland. Although, strangely enough, none of his three ballets, including one on Cinderella, has been produced in England, four years ago MacMillan used his most famous work, the *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, as the score for his *Laiderette*.

The Burrow uses Martin's Concerto for seven wind instruments, kettledrum, percussion and strings, composed in 1949, and first heard in England two years later.

The work is in three movements. The first shows a very closely woven texture, in which each of the seven solo instruments is given an opportunity to shine; if shine be the right word in connection with the delicate sonorities of Martin's music. The slow middle movement has a clearly defined rhythm making it sound like an electronic successor to Haydn's Clock. The finale, which uses the kettledrum in a vaguely parodistic version of a march, brings the miniature concerto for orchestra to an end with Martin's typical brand of unearthly poetry. The whole concerto with its arresting tonalities, carefully scored *concertante* structure and almost tangibly atmospheric texture, at times irresistibly recalls the better-known *Petite Symphonie Concertante*, even though here Martin is without his beloved harpsichord.

Although on the face of it Martin's somewhat gentle concerto would seem an odd partner for MacMillan's frenetic scenario, in the event the two collaborate well together. Certainly in having to cut his suit to fit his cloth, MacMillan has landed himself with a task that would have been beyond the average jobbing tailor, but MacMillan is fast becoming a master craftsman, and he can be very well satisfied with the result, even if, here and there, it is a little tight in the seams.

Clive Barnes

DECOR

THERE is almost a nationalistic approach to designing harsh and ugly backgrounds for ballet. In France they make beautiful patterns with rags and tatters, stove-pipes, chimneys and Marché aux Puces *bric-a-brac*, and it all takes on an air of poetic elegance. In America they become most ingenious with multiple sets and slickly "designed" poverty. In most central European theatres and in western Russia they indulge in extreme realism.

In Britain, ballet has mainly fought shy of environments involving slums, cellars and the less attractive backgrounds to human behaviour. Of course the Gorbals featured in Helpmann's ballet about a miracle there and Edward Burra decoratively stylized the violent Glasgow dock area. In De Valois' *The Rake's Progress*, Rex Whistler, evoking the famous Hogarth decline-and-fall series, made brothels and lunatic asylums look positively pretty which, in this particular case, was perfectly right. What Nicholas Georgiadis was asked to do in *The Burrow* was something rather different and more difficult.

The Burrow is an enclosed place in which a group of human beings are cooped-up. The fact that it is enclosed makes it of vital importance that the setting should be boxed-in; ordinary painted wings and backcloth would completely destroy that claustrophobic atmosphere. On the other hand although this amount of realism is necessary, the ballet is more impressionistic than realistic. The place is not definite and the inhabitants are not definite; they are conditions of humanity under stress rather than actual types.

The theme is that unknown fear dominates the lives of everyone today and that different people react to it in different ways. It is necessary to re-stress this point before a serious consideration of Georgiadis's designs because the work was the result of a very close collaboration between him and MacMillan.

For a designer whose work for the theatre has mainly shown an interesting use of rich colour, decorative line and a general air of fantasy, this assignment cannot have been easy.

The fact that he has been triumphantly successful in a ballet for which colour and fantasy would have been disastrous has proved what I have long suspected—that Georgiadis is one of the most important designers working for ballet in our time.

The room is stark, blasted, dank and damp. The walls are stripped of paper and devoid of those decorative paper-peelings which we are getting so tired of. The mushroom undercoating is in places scored through to the white plaster, as though terrified animals have sought exit by scratching the surface with their claws. The high ceiling, formed of brown squares, giving a sharp perspective, slopes downward at an angle to the low back wall. The floor is of cracked slate or dirty concrete. A naked light-bulb hangs from the ceiling and a dirty cloth covers the single window. It is neither an attic nor a basement though it could be either—it is a "place," an environment for lost souls. Yet in spite of the lack of colour the setting has a certain beauty and it gives a texture to the whole work. It could not easily be labelled as poetic-realism but if such

designing has to be pigeon-holed "abstract atmospheric realism" would be nearer the mark. It is something very personal to Georgiadis and it emphatically reflects the trend of his present phase of easel painting. That he can transfer this trend to the theatre effectively is much to his credit.

I can find only one fault and that is in the realization of the all-important door. Presumably the door is the only means of exit and it is the only entrance for the unknown terror. Therefore it should have been either more realistic and really look as though it were practical; or it should have been more abstract and look as though it was something in the minds of the various characters. As it is it has been painted with a sort of realism and yet no spectator could even be fooled into thinking that it would be opened. A small point perhaps but an important one dramatically because a lot of the ballet's action is centred around this object.

Most painters working in the theatre fail in their costumes because they so often see the figures in the frozen-moment of a picture, rather than as something which has to obey the laws of violent movement. Here again, I think that Georgiadis has shown a most mature sense of fitness. His characters grow out of the setting like mobile fungi. Decorative rags are not for him and the abstractions of his setting are carried through in the designs on the costumes. He has achieved interesting silhouettes—particularly in the designs for some young girls with high waists and tulip-shaped skirts—yet they are never tiresomely *chic*, nor do they do anything other than underline the characters given to them by MacMillan's choreography. The smudged browns, oranges and slate greys have been applied with infinite care yet without any obvious sense of application. It is possible to believe that the denizens of the burrow have gone through all the suffering and privation which the setting immediately suggests.

It is doubtful whether these designs will ever provoke a round of applause from the average audience, it is just not that kind of designing. On the other hand, for sheer rightness to the idea, atmosphere, choreography and music, it could hardly be bettered. And surely this is the first and most important function of a ballet designer.

Peter Williams

PERFORMANCE DETAILS

Running Time

21 mins. 30 secs.

Audience Reaction

18 curtain calls on first night: cheering from all parts of the house.

Press Reaction

(6 stars—Rave; 5 stars—Enthusiastic; 4 stars—Favourable; 3 stars—Lukewarm; 2 stars—Unfavourable; 1 star—Pan.)
Daily Express ******; *DailyMail* *****; *Daily Telegraph* **; *Evening News* **; *Evening Standard* *; *Financial Times* ******; *Manchester Guardian* ***; *News Chronicle* *****; *Observer* ****; *Sunday Times* ****; *The Times* ***.

THE JOKER IN TWO MOODS (top right): Donald Britton discouraged that the other characters in the burrow do not respond to his high spirits.

(Bottom right): The Joker's cracks finally getting on the nerves of the others, his face is slapped by the Woman and he almost becomes involved in a fight with the Outcast. Holding back Britton are Lynn Seymour and Noreen Sopwith, while Edward Miller, as the Outcast, looks on threateningly. Photos: Roy Round

FINALE (above): Margaret Lee as La Favorita, Donald MacLeary as a Gondolier (back centre) and Johaar Mosaval as Punchinello (on floor), with the full cast in the final moment of the revival Veneziana. *ADAGIO (below): Margaret Lee (aloft) supported by three Gondoliers in the beautiful* adagio *originally danced by Violetta Elvin.*
Photos: Roger Wood

Veneziana

REVIVAL

Revised version given by the Royal Ballet (formerly the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet) at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, on December 28, 1957. Choreography by Andrée Howard. Music from the operas of Donizetti arranged and orchestrated by Denis ApIvor. Designed by Sophie Fedorovitch.

Cast

La Favorita	MARGARET LEE
Punchinello	JOHAAR MOSAVAL
Harlequins	DONALD BRITTON, MICHAEL BOULTON
Columbines	PATRICIA COX, NOREEN SOPWITH
Young Lovers	SUSAN ALEXANDER, BRENDA BOLTON
	MIRO ZOLAN, ALEXANDER BENNETT
Tarantella Dancers	YVONNE LAKIER, LYNN SEYMOUR
	JOAN BLAKENEY, SHIRLEY BISHOP
Gondoliers	DONALD MACLEARY, SIMON MOTTRAM
	GORDON AITKEN, ALAN BEALE, EDWARD MILLER

Corps de Ballet of *Ladies*, *Cavaliers* and *Masked Ladies*

WHEN *Veneziana* was originally produced at Covent Garden by the main company in 1953, it seemed to have missed the boat of success by a few all-important inches. Soon after the first performance the choreographer, Andrée Howard, made a few slight emendations, and the ballet, especially when Beriosova took over Elvin's original part of La Favorita, came to fill a useful place in the repertory. But even so this *divertissement* was never so effective with the main company as it has proved in this present revival by the junior Royal Ballet. Howard has incorporated into the current version a further batch of minor revisions, all of which have proved to be to the work's advantage. Although the framework for these genial variations on a Venetian theme still leaves more than a little to be desired—it is a mistake, for instance, for the ballerina to make her first entrance so late—the *finale*, formerly the ballet's weakest point, has now been strengthened, and most of Howard's choreography is original and imaginative.

Margaret Lee danced the taxing rôle of La Favorita with considerable aplomb. The main thing her portrayal lacked was the tigress-like authority which Elvin produced for this very grand opera singer who chooses her lover with the same imperiousness as some women order coffee. Lee was greatly assisted by the sympathetic partnering of MacLeary. Johaar Mosaval, smooth and bouyant, proved a sensitive Punchinello, and if the alternative cast, Stanley Holden, was not his equal in nimble dexterity, the whimsical humour he brought to the part was equally rewarding. While Donald Britton in his solo seemed less assured and musical than Shaw in the first production, his *pas de deux* with the scintillating Michael Boulton stood out as a superb piece of male dancing.

C.B.

Basic Ballet Make-up: 2

In our February number LUDMILA MLADA discussed the general principles of ballet make-up and paid special attention to the correct way of applying the basic foundation. In this concluding article she describes the complicated subject of eye make-up, make-up for the mouth, and the use of powder.

The Eyes

IT is in the very special treatment given to the eyes that ballet differs most from other forms of theatrical make-up. The results, which are certainly not natural in appearance, may be termed either a detachment from life or an enlargement on life. The effect once striven for, and still considered ideal by many dancers, was a pale Slav face such as Spessivtzeva's, with wide forehead, high slanting cheekbones, and dark, slightly uptilted eyes. But, in most English faces, it is the outer corner of the eye which is the lowest. If, therefore, you wish to look rather Slav, great care must be taken, otherwise the final effect can easily become *Mikado* Japanese. Again, too high-slanting eyes may be brilliantly effective in the *Faust Walpurgisnacht* scene, but a little too fiendish for, perhaps, Act 2 of *Giselle*.

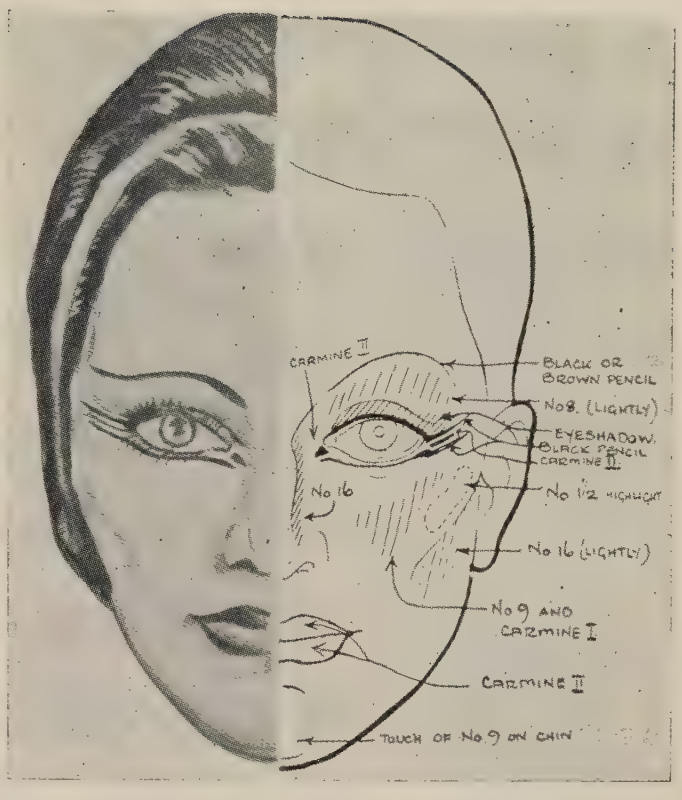
For the bone under the eyebrow (the eye socket), use a red-brown tone, which makes for a serener appearance than a pure red. Leichner No. 8 may be used lightly, or a mixture of Leichner Nos. 9, 10 and Carmine 3, or a mixture of Max Factor linings 3 and 9 (brown and red).

For the eye-shadow on the eyelid, Leichner Medium Blue mixed with brown may be used. To apply the eye-shadow, use a square-tipped brush. A too brilliant blue in anything like a peacock shade will produce a staring effect, while a brilliant green (once fashionable!) may even give the appearance of fish-scales on the eyes. Finally, too dark a colour will take the eyes back into their sockets to create the effect of a Rouault portrait.

Whatever instrument you use to outline the eye, make sure that you can control it, whether it be a pencil, a square-tipped brush, or a Chinese brush.

The general principle of lining is to open and slightly enlarge the eyes in appearance. To make the outer corners higher, the eye-shadow should be smoothed upwards and outwards; the brow should curve up and turn up, while the outer corner and the eye itself should be opened outwards—always bearing in mind that a falling line will close the eye in and make it appear smaller.

EYE MAKE-UP (below, left): Eileen Cropley, a dancer with the Sadler's Wells Opera Ballet and the Sigurd Leeder Studio Group, shows how eyes should be made-up. So that the lines will be clear, note that very little eye-shadow has been applied. Note also how far the painted eyebrow has been taken above the natural brow, traces of which still show slightly, although these would not be noticeable on the stage.
Photo: William Cartwright



LEICHNER CHART (right): This ballet make-up chart is the copyright of Leichner and is reproduced here with their special permission. All shades and numbers indicated are for the Leichner range.

Schools and Teachers
by E. C. MASON

The colour most used for outlining the eye is black. Dark brown or lake are very occasionally used, but their actual suitability may be dictated by the colour of the hair and other factors.

Draw a line along the upper lid *close* to the eyelashes; do not, however, curve it downwards to the outer corner, but draw it slightly upwards and continue it slightly beyond the compass of the eye. Do the same along the lower lid, again close to the lashes, and do *not* join it to the line already drawn along the upper lid. It should be noted that the lower line is sometimes not drawn as close to the eyelashes as the upper line. But care must be taken because if there is too wide a gap, the illusion created will be of having opened the eye vertically from top to bottom, rather than opening it outwards and upwards.

Place a dot of red (Leichner Carmine I or II, or Max Factor No. 1 Light Carmine) on the inner corner of each eye. These small red dots are to enhance the natural pink tissue there. Then place a thin line of red between the two black lines at the outer corners.

If desired, a white dot may be placed inside the red one (that is between the red dot and the eye itself), and also white lines drawn above and below the red line extending from the outer corner of each eye. This is to enlarge the eye by suggesting a continuation of the white of the eye.

Which part of the eyebrow is the thickest? Much will depend on the structure of the dancer's face, but an even thickness the entire length of the brow may well produce the surprised appearance of a less-than-attractive Marlene Dietrich. The colour of the brow should be as for the eye-lines: black being the most usual. To raise the brow above its natural level, the hair is first smoothed flat with soap before the foundation is put on. You must not create the effect of a double eyebrow —your natural eyebrow still showing under the painted one. Boys with naturally thick eyebrows should pay particular attention to this warning.

Except for the actual painted eye-lines, it is most important to blend all eye make-up—for with the base colour on the temple, the painted eyebrow, the colours on the eye-socket and eyelid, and the outlining, the effect of a Neapolitan ice could well be achieved quite accidentally.

Apply mascara to the upper eyelashes, then hot black. Concerning false eyelashes, not all dancers need to wear these, and they should certainly in no circumstances be used by the boys. When using them they should be thickest three-quarters of the way along the eye. A fringed appearance will result if they are of the same thickness the entire length of the eye: a droopy effect must also be avoided. They are fixed on with a theatrical make-up adhesive, such as Artifix.

The Mouth

THE upper lip should be painted a darker colour (Leichner Carmine II) than the lower lip (Leichner Carmine I). Boys should remember that their lips should not be of a too brilliant Carmine-Vermilion hue, and that they must always be of a darker tone than their basic foundation. Boys may use a Carmine III outline for the upper lip, and if the lips are substantially altered from their natural shape, it may be necessary to outline them thinly with black.

continued on page 34

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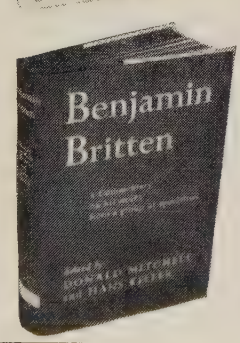

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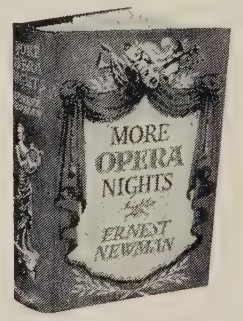

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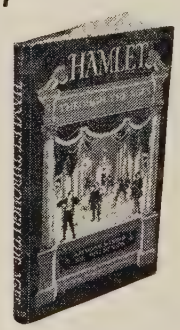

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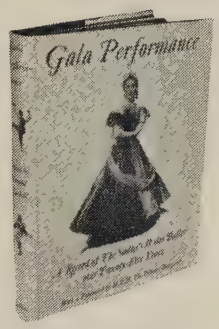

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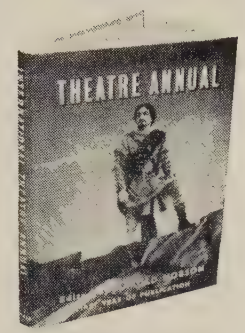

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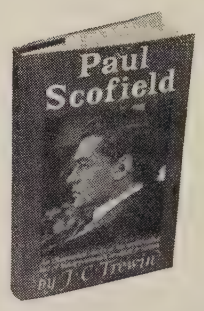

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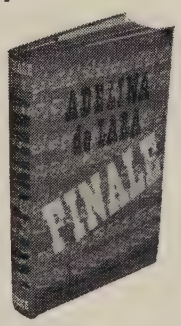

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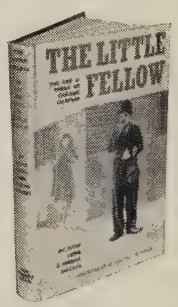

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A Dancer for Leading Roles

By JOHN PERCIVAL

PHILIP CHATFIELD as Prince Siegfried in Le Lac des Cygnes. *Photo: Houston Rogers*

IT is a curious fact about Philip Chatfield that he usually dances better in a leading rôle than in a smaller part. His variation as Prince Florimund in *The Sleeping Beauty* makes a far better impression than his solo in the Florestan *pas de trois* or his share in the *ensemble* of fairies' cavaliers in the same ballet, and a comparable difference may be seen in his execution of different rôles in *Swan Lake* and *Ballet Imperial*.

A leading rôle is, of course, deliberately designed to be more effective than any supporting part, but Chatfield actually achieves a higher standard of performance in the *premier danseur* rôles. In *Swan Lake*, his *doubles tours en l'air* are markedly stronger, his *entrechats* noticeably neater, when he plays Prince Siegfried than when he appears in the first act *pas de six*. The explanation is, I believe, twofold. First, that Chatfield is, by physique and by inclination, best suited to the romantic leading rôles in certain classical ballets, and secondly that he needs the stimulus of a big occasion to enable him to achieve his best form.

Chatfield is, in build, tall and slim. Consequently he has been invaluable to the Royal Ballet as a partner for the taller ballerinas, and he has also partnered Markova with distinction. On the other hand, his physique is the type which makes a boy or young man liable at times to outgrow his strength. This has shown itself particularly in his prowess as a *porteur*: although always able to lift his partner well, he has not always been able in the past to sustain her aloft or carry her on high across the stage.

With this reservation, which maturity is enabling him to overcome, Chatfield has long been a strong and accomplished partner. His has never been the reticent, modest, "don't look at me—I'm only the ballerina's prop" approach to a *pas de deux*. Rather is there a sort of flamboyance about his partnering: notice especially the tendency to throw his arms right out to the side when he lets go of his partner's waist, which seems designed to flatter the ballerina by calling attention to her balance. Perhaps Chatfield has tended to overdo this a little, and it is in any case out of place when dancing in an *ensemble*, but in the right circumstances this approach can be a definite asset.

Chatfield is not only an attentive partner in the technical sense, anticipating his partner's actions and needs, but he also pays proper attention to her dramatically, trying to suggest by his demeanour and expression the relationship between the characters they are playing. He has not yet had the opportunity to make the most of this by developing a close and sustained partnership with one ballerina. He came nearest to this with Beryl Grey, but although they danced together fairly often, they also both appeared frequently with other partners. There are many advantages, in a ballet company, in frequent changes of partners, but in the long run the most satisfying dancing in *pas de deux* tends to come from well-matched couples who have worked together over a period of years.

Chatfield's career has been one of steady development rather than any spectacular rise to his present ranking as a principal dancer. Ninette de Valois has written, in her autobiography, of his devoted application to his work while at the Wells school during the difficult war years. He joined the company in 1943, having made his début as one of the two children in *The Wanderer*. Since then his career has been made almost entirely with the Royal Ballet. In addition he has appeared with a group of dancers headed by Beryl Grey and himself, and has partnered Nadia Nerina in her concert programme. Also, for a couple of months in 1946, he was enlisted to play mimed rôles during Ballet Theatre's first London season.

The American company wanted to keep Chatfield's services, and it is interesting to speculate what would have happened to him if he had remained with them. I suspect that his opportunities to dance important rôles would have come sooner, but it seems unlikely that he would have gone so far. Certainly Chatfield himself now feels that the Royal Ballet repertory, with its high proportion of classical works, is the most rewarding for him.

With the Wells, Chatfield was given gradually more important rôles over a period of years. During 1948, when Chatfield was twenty-one, Ashton twice used him as one of four boys given prominent *ensembles* in new works: first in *Scènes de Ballet*, and then as one of the Prince's friends in *Cinderella*.

His first specially created leading rôle came with *Ballabile* in 1950, partnering Violetta Elvin. Roland Petit's choreography for their *pas de deux* in the "Sunday on the River" scene

GRAND JETE: In the rôle of Aminta from the last act of Ashton's version of Sylvia. *It was in this full-length ballet that Chatfield first showed the promise of future stardom. Photo: Baron*

IN THE SHADOW: *His second important created rôle.*
Photo: Denis de Marney

AS MOONDOG: In Cranko's Lady and the Fool, *Chatfield showed a new sense of characterization hitherto not seen in his work. Photo: Houston Rogers*

IN LES SYLPHIDES: *He partnered Alicia Markova in Fokine's Romantic ballet.*
Photo: Houston Rogers

seemed designed to look both difficult and dangerous, but they attacked it with a reassuring air of confidence, and accomplished it easily and safely. There was, perhaps, a certain lack of ardour in Chatfield's interpretation: he looked a fresh, healthy lad, not altogether the idea foil for Elvin's warm beauty. Dramatically he was more effective in the "Street in the Rain" scene, as the young man whose one abruptly violent kiss does nothing to assuage the mysteriously passionate dark lady.

Two years later, Chatfield danced his first "full-length" leading rôle, in *The Sleeping Beauty*. As the melancholy prince in the second act he was both courtly and romantic, convincingly suggesting the sad and discontented longings which lead him to fall in love at first sight with the vision of Aurora. In Act Three this was transformed into an air of radiant nobility which was entirely appropriate. He partnered excellently and danced a good variation.

Prince Florimund remains probably Chatfield's best classical rôle, but he has since danced the lead in all the long ballets in the repertory with the solitary exception of *Cinderella*. In *Sylvia* he was one of the three people to play Aminta in the opening performances and gave, to my mind, the best performance of any of them in the first act. He has the merit of never looking embarrassed by anything he is called upon to do on stage, and this undoubtedly helped him to look better than his colleagues in the somewhat scanty costume. It was, however, unfortunate that the third act *pas de deux* had to be adapted for him and Beryl Grey, especially by the omission of the spectacular entrance with Sylvia on Aminta's shoulder.

Of his more recently assumed classical rôles, Chatfield is most promising in *Giselle*. Although he has given few performances so far, his Albrecht is already well acted and stylishly danced. I cannot feel that he is well suited to *Coppélia*: he has obviously thought hard about the character of Frantz, and mimes conscientiously to make all the right points, but this rôle demands a liveliness and gaiety which are not within his artistic range.

As Siegfried, Chatfield acts intelligently and partners handsomely. So far, however, I have always received the impression that in the "Black Swan" *pas de deux* he is dancing flat out to the very limit of his ability. He dances well, but the standard of execution in this show-piece has been pushed so high of late that to dance well in it is scarcely enough. Justifiably, the audience also expects brilliance and ease, and these Chatfield has not yet convinced me that he can give.

Chatfield appears to be a dancer who has achieved his present position by application and hard work, industriously polishing his native talent. However praiseworthy this may be, such a dancer is sometimes at a disadvantage when compared with other dancers of greater natural facility.

For this reason Chatfield will probably always be at his best in rôles where the dramatic aspects and the partnering are at least as important as the dancing. To rôles of this kind he brings virtues which can easily be overlooked. If someone drops a flower or a ribbon on stage, for instance, as likely as not it will be Chatfield who unobtrusively picks it up. A small point in itself, but it shows that he is paying attention to what happens and is concerned with the total effect of the ballet, not just his own contribution. Again, when he smiles, he has the all-too-rare gift of looking really happy, and a genuine-seeming smile in a *pas de deux* can do more than any amount of heavy mime to indicate the relationship between the two characters.

The main defects in Chatfield's work to date have been a certain lack both of depth and of forcefulness. The latter is more easily cured than the former and has, in fact, been largely overcome by casting him in rôles which demanded an aggressive characterisation. Dorkon, in *Daphnis and Chloe*, was one such, and another was the Red Knight in *Checkmate*: here he suggested the warlike nature of the knight by stalking and striding about the stage instead of walking, and by his acting in the few moments at the end of the duel he succeeded better than most in suggesting the conflict between love and loyalty which leads to the Black Queen's victory.

To add depth and feeling to an artist's work, however, is not so easy. These are qualities which the artist must find in himself, although he may be aided by circumstances. When the production of *The Lady and the Fool* was transferred to the larger of the two Royal Ballet companies, Chatfield was cast as Moondog. He had already created the rôle of the Youth in *The Shadow*, and perhaps it was thought that there was some affinity between Cranko's two heroes. But the persons in *The Shadow* are types, not characters, whereas Moondog achieves individuality by being a conventional type turned inside out. Technically, it makes no different demands from any typical *danseur noble* rôle. But the conventional romantic heroes are, by definition, romantic and heroic, while Moondog is comic; they are rich and noble, while he is poor and wretched; they are sure of themselves, while he is sure only that La Capricciosa can never love him.

Three dancers had played this rôle at Sadler's Wells, and each of them had brought some special individual quality of drama, comedy or pathos to it. By comparison, I thought Chatfield's portrayal flat and uninteresting. Something about the part obviously appealed to him, however, and in later performances he gradually warmed to the rôle. Perhaps it was the chance to attempt a part a little outside his usual range which lit the spark; perhaps Verdi's rich and passionate music had something to do with it. Whatever the case, Moondog has now become alive.

He reveals Moondog in a real and touching relationship with his fellow-clown Bootface, and brings an unexpected gift for comedy to their dances together—the more surprising because Chatfield's earlier attempts at comic acting in *Bonne-Bouche* were somewhat heavy-handed. Most important of all, in the *pas de deux* with La Capricciosa he shows at last a feeling I had thought beyond him. At the moments when he prevents the girl from putting on her mask again and later when he tries to hide his own face in his hands I find myself, for the first time in his career, moved by Chatfield's performance. In this new-found depth of expression lies, so far as I am concerned, the brightest hope for Chatfield's future.

ORIGINAL SETTING: The blue velvet and ermine setting designed by Mtislav Doboujinsky for Balanchine's Ballet Imperial *when it was first given by Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in America.*

Ballet Perspectives: 4

Ballet Imperial

by CLIVE BARNES

BALLET IMPERIAL—the solitary example of a Balanchine ballet in the British repertory—owes its birth, albeit indirectly, to a Rockefeller. As part of his "Good Neighbour" policy, intended to further relations between the Americas, President Roosevelt appointed Nelson A. Rockefeller to head an organization known as the "United States Office for Co-ordination of Commercial and Cultural Relations between the American Republics." As explained by Anatole Chujoy in his history *The New York City Ballet*, in 1941 Mr. Rockefeller was anxious to send to South America some example of United States art that would overcome the difficulties of language. He decided to export a ballet company, and so made diplomatic history, for this was, I believe, the first occasion that a ballet company had been sent on a full-scale State-sponsored tour. Although even before the war the British Council had backed the Vic-Wells Ballet for a week at the Paris Exhibition in 1937, and later in 1940 had been responsible for the same company's ill-fated visit to the Low Countries, Rockefeller's South American venture was surely the first full-size trail-blazer for all those diplomatic ballet missions that have become a commonplace throughout the entire world.

Rockefeller went to his friend Lincoln Kirstein with his proposal, and asked Kirstein to organize a company. Kirstein—the founding father of American ballet—welcomed the suggestion. Two companies had already stemmed from the "School of American Ballet," which he and choreographer George Balanchine had founded in 1934. Both of these inter-related but distinct groups, the American Ballet (1934–37) and Ballet Caravan (1936-40), had foundered through various administrative and artistic weaknesses, and although the year before the Ballet Caravan had sung its swan-song in the unlikely atmosphere of the New York World's Fair, 1941 found Kirstein with many dancers but no company.

The new company, which also used the name "American Ballet," was scheduled to leave for South America in June, 1941, and the dancers were called together for rehearsal in March of the same year. Chujoy, in his book, explains that the financial arrangements were that: "Mr. Rockefeller guaranteed that his office would pay the minimum expenses of the company for a six-month tour of Latin-America and underwrite any deficit the company might incur on the tour. Production costs would have to be borne by the American Ballet; i.e., by Kirstein." In the event the tour, eventually somewhat curtailed, was not a particularly notable success—commercially, at least, nothing ever seemed to go very right for Kirstein and Balanchine in those early years of struggle—yet ironically it produced two of the neoclassic masterpieces of our time, *Concerto Barocco* and *Ballet Imperial*.

The complete repertory for the tour consisted of twelve works, seven of which were revivals from the repertoires of either the original American Ballet or Ballet Caravan. Balanchine's contribution was three revivals, including *Serenade*, and these two classic creations. In discussing his work with me some years ago in Holland, Balanchine told me: "I intended *Ballet Imperial* to provide a classical work in the repertory of the American Ballet that would hold an equivalent place and function to the versions of 19th century Russian classics danced by most other companies, but which I did not consider at that time stylistically right for my American dancers, or economically practicable for the company." Balanchine also had another, even deeper, reason for producing the ballet. In his book *Complete Stories of the Great Ballets* (edited by Francis Mason) he writes: "*Ballet Imperial* is a contemporary tribute to Petipa, 'the father of the classic ballet,' and to Tchaikovsky, his greatest composer." Here we see Balanchine, the "new-American," looking back nostalgically on the grandeur of the Imperial Russian Ballet he had known in his youth, and re-creating its splendours and the spirit of its period, in terms comprehensible to his young American dancers.

Balanchine's choice of music was the then comparatively little-known Tchaikovsky 2nd Piano Concerto in G major. That this delightful concerto has now won a modest but definite place in the concert repertory is in no small way due to the new popularity it acquired through Balanchine's ballet—a point that was generously acknowledged in a recent programme note to a London concert.

Although nominally a plotless ballet, *Ballet Imperial* is full of imagery suggestive of its imperial theme, and the work has an atmosphere of regality. As in *Serenade*, Balanchine introduces undeveloped fragments of emotional narrative, so that in the slow movement the prima-ballerina and her partner dance a *pas de deux* full of princely regret and queenly suffering.

The work is cast for two ballerinas, a *premier danseur*, two male soloists, two *coryphées* and a *corps de ballet*, and contrives to give a complete impression of the spirit of late 19th century Russian classical dancing, refined down to its essentials. The music is first-rate for the theatre, and Balanchine's invention has never been more fluent or invigorating. The floor-patterns are particularly pleasing, while the structure of the ballet is exemplary. The audience's interest is never allowed to flag, from the grave formal beginning to the joyous *finale*. Cruelly testing to dance, the ballet also makes very considerable demands upon its interpreters' powers of characterization, for the dancers have to portray human beings, create atmosphere and even occasionally hint at incident with none of the assistance of a conventional narrative thread. The problem posed the interpreters, although found in all worthwhile plotless ballets, is made more difficult in *Ballet Imperial* by the work's quite definite and inescapable indications of time and place.

Kirstein commissioned the original scenery and costumes from the veteran Maryinsky designer, then resident in America, Mtislav Doboujinsky. Although this setting and costumes have never been seen in England, the original design, now in Cyril Beaumont's collection, shows vast blue and gold curtains trimmed with ermine, and caught up in the centre to reveal a vista across St. Petersburg's River Neva, dominated by the stark silhouette of the monumental Gates of Finland, with each of the two columns surmounted by an imperial eagle. The costumes for the girls are described by Beaumont as being: "in two shades of blue, embroidered in white and gold, and occasionally fringed with ermine."

Before Kirstein's company embarked on their South American season it gave a three-day "showcase" season at the Hunter College Playhouse, New York, and it was there on May 29, 1941—the day after the première of *Concerto Barocco*—that *Ballet Imperial* received its first performance. The cast included Marie Jeanne, Gisella Caccialanza, William Dollar, Nicholas Magallanes and Fred Danieli. After the South American tour, in November of the following year, the ballet was revived by the New Opera Company as a curtain-raiser to an opera during a season at the Broadway Theatre, New York. The dancers used were from the American Ballet, and the leading rôles were filled by Mary Ellen Moylan, Caccialanza and Dollar.

Earlier, when the American Ballet had returned from South America and its continuance as a group became impossible, Kirstein had been greatly concerned about the fate of his company's repertoire. As he

PAS DE TROIS: Beryl Grey with Kenneth MacMillan and John Field when Ballet Imperial *was first given by the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden.*

PAS DE DEUX: Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes in the beautiful pas de deux *from the second movement. After the first few performances, Fonteyn relinquished her rôle in this ballet.* *Photos: Roger Wood*

revealed in the American magazine *Theatre Arts* (December, 1947) he first offered the complete Balanchine classic repertory, including *Ballet Imperial*, to Lucia Chase's company, Ballet Theatre. Unfortunately the offer was rejected, and it is interesting to conjecture how much the history of American ballet might have been changed had Chase availed herself of Kirstein's offer. (It is somehow ironic that Ballet Theatre once had the chance of building a repertory based on Balanchine and Tudor, just as earlier the English Royal Ballet could have combined the talents of Ashton and Tudor, and in both instances the golden opportunity was missed). Eventually it was the Russian *emigré* company Serge Denham's Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo that became the custodian of most of the Balanchine classics, and this company revived *Ballet Imperial*, with the original Doboujinsky scenery and costumes, on February 20, 1945. The principal dancers on that occasion were Moylan, Maria Tallchief and Nicholas Magallanes. Moylan's rôle was subsequently taken in this production by Natalie Krassovska, and it was in this revival that the ballet reached the larger American ballet public.

In 1949 Dame Ninette de Valois and David Webster saw some performances in New York of New York City Ballet—the company that was the final result of all Kirstein's and Balanchine's efforts to establish a home-grown American ballet. The ultimate outcome of Dame Ninette's interest was the City Ballet's visit to Covent Garden in 1950, but a more immediate result was the invitation to Balanchine to mount a work for the Royal Ballet in the spring of the same year. Balanchine offered *Ballet Imperial*, and his suggestion was accepted.

It was decided, however, to commission new designs from Eugene Berman. The first performance took place on April 5, 1950, after less than three weeks' rehearsals. The cast for this revival included Margot Fonteyn, Beryl Grey, Michael Somes, John Field, Kenneth MacMillan, Pauline Clayden and Nadia Nerina. Certain changes were made in the production, notably in the second movement, where the *pas de deux* between the prima ballerina and the premier danseur was given a slightly different *nuance*, involving, among other modifications, the introduction of the male's remarkably effective solitary exit. The golden *décor* by Berman, with a collonade of ermine-girt pillars and imperial eagles, although frequently unfavourably compared with the Doboujinsky original, on the whole makes a fine setting for the ballet, but the costumes and particularly the dancers' white wigs are considerably less satisfactory.

The Royal Ballet's production was well received by public and critics alike. Admittedly a few writers were disappointed by its lack of "meaning," and one music critic daringly dismissed it as "a second-rate spectacle," but for the most part it was recognized as a valuable addition to the British repertory, a view that gains confirmation from the fact that since its first production it has been one of the most frequently presented ballets at Covent Garden.

The work's most recent production was at La Scala, Milan, where Balanchine mounted it on March 25, 1952. The cast included Olga Amati, Gilda Marriocchi and Giulo Perugini, and the Berman *décor* and costumes were used. Neither this nor the American versions have been seen in England.

The prima ballerina rôle at the first British performance was danced by Margot Fonteyn, but she never succeeded in making it a personal creation, even though she eventually danced it supremely well, and after little more than a few performances relinquished the part to her younger colleagues. Among these both Moira Shearer and Violetta Elvin have been notably successful, and the rôle has also been danced by Julia Farron, Rowena Jackson and Beryl Grey. During the past two seasons the ballet has been the frame for outstandingly brilliant performances by Nadia Nerina and Elaine Fifield. Despite a slight hesitancy in her musical

continued on page 38

BERMAN'S SETTING: The setting and costumes designed by Eugene Berman for the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Somes on the left and Moira Shearer, who took over the principal rôle with great success, on the right. *Photo: Roger Wood*

Pioneering in Cape Town

by DULCIE HOWES

Since the war South Africa has been one of the general providers of dancers for British ballet companies. But although there is much interest in the dance it has as yet no resident professional company on the lines of the State supported companies in Europe. Before the war, Dulcie Howes and Cecily Robinson formed companies which, with the assistance of the University of Cape Town, have carried on to this day, proving themselves to be splendid training grounds for artists who have later won fame all over the world.

DULCIE HOWES: The founder and director of the University of Cape Town Ballet School. Later, with Cecily Robinson, a company was formed. Photo: John Adriaan

ALTHOUGH ballet performances are enthusiastically attended in South Africa, and South Africans show a natural aptitude as performers, there is as yet no particular South African development of ballet away from that classical stream which rose in Italy, flowed through Western Europe and Russia, and which now sparkles with particular brilliance in London at Covent Garden, in Paris and in New York.

The early settlers brought their folk and drawing-room dances with them and a survival of interest in the Afrikaans communities "volkspele" is now being urged and fostered.

In the life of the native inhabitants, especially the Bantu tribes, ritual dancing is still a living thing, intimately interwoven with their religious practices and their communal life. These elements have not, however, affected the growth of South African ballet.

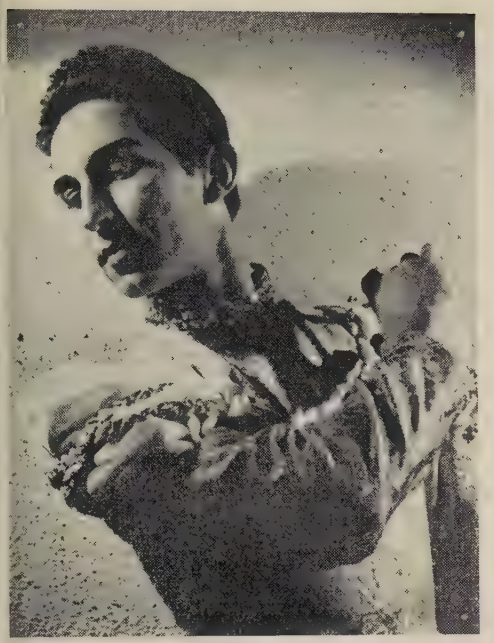
Perhaps interest in ballet arose in South Africa when the children of the wealthy and cultured were taught a little fancy dancing with their ballroom lessons, and the travellers and settlers from England told tales of the great revival there led by Diaghilev. Yet it was as recent as 1913 when Helen Webb, the daughter of Captain Webb, famed as the first man to swim the English Channel, arrived in South Africa and started to teach "rhythmic exercises" to the daughters of Cape Town.

It was at first a matter of party frocks and sashes, tambourine dances with decorum. Later she began to weave the dances of her young pupils into ballet form and slowly accustomed the audiences in South Africa first to accept, and then to appreciate, the combination of music and dance in its more sophisticated form.

This seems many years ago, yet in point of fact the history of South African ballet is compressed into a remarkably short but very eventful period. No professionally staged ballet had been presented in South Africa until the end of 1925 when Anna Pavlova and a company of 40 dancers appeared at the Opera House, Cape Town, on December 29 for a season of eleven days. Cape Town took Pavlova and ballet to their hearts. A generation of little girls became dedicated to the cause, and a generation of parents longed to see their daughters in tutus and point shoes. By the early 30's Maude Lloyd was teaching for Helen Webb, and I returned to Cape Town after training with Margaret Craske and Karsavina. Other teachers included Marjorie Sturman and Poppie Frames in Johannesburg, and Nancy Hooper in Durban.

Local branches of the Royal Academy of Dancing and the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing (Cecchetti method) were formed,

EARLY DAYS OF CRANKO (below): Left, John Cranko as the Devil in the first ballet he created—Stravinsky's A Soldier's Tale—*while he was still a student at the Cape Town Ballet School in* 1942. Right, *another work created in South Africa in* 1946—Tritsch-Tratsch—*with Yvonne Lakier (now in the Royal Ballet), Bart Saayman and Chris Van Nieherh. This* pas de trois *was later re-created for the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet with great success. Photo: John Adriaan*



DAVID POOLE: Another South African dancer who came to Britain and became a distinguished principal dancer with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Now he has returned to his own country. Photo: Anne Fischer

PIASKA: *One of the ballets created for the University of Cape Town Ballet by Dulcie Howes in which David Poole, kneeling, left centre, danced the male lead.*

and visiting examiners and judges came from England to award certificates and licentiates, to praise, blame and criticise, and to see that the standards of the little community of dancers were brought up to the level prevailing in London.

This was an era of instruction; children, almost exclusively girls, were taught the classical steps and positions, and displayed their technique at festivals and in competitions organized by the newly formed South African Dance Teachers' Association. Although occasionally a section of a festival was given over to the competition for "ballets" presented by competing dance studios, these were simply concerted dances, and the public interest centred on the solo work of the young competitors. The standard of performance became high and dancing secured the firm and faithful interest of a small but fairly technically minded public.

In the nature of things it was inevitable that the course of development of ballet here in South Africa should follow the course of the same art in England. Students leaving South Africa for further training or stage experience were traditionally inclined towards England. It was therefore fortunate, indeed, that when international ballet emerged from the trough of public neglect and private despair into which it had fallen with the passing of Diaghilev, that it was in England that it rose and flourished.

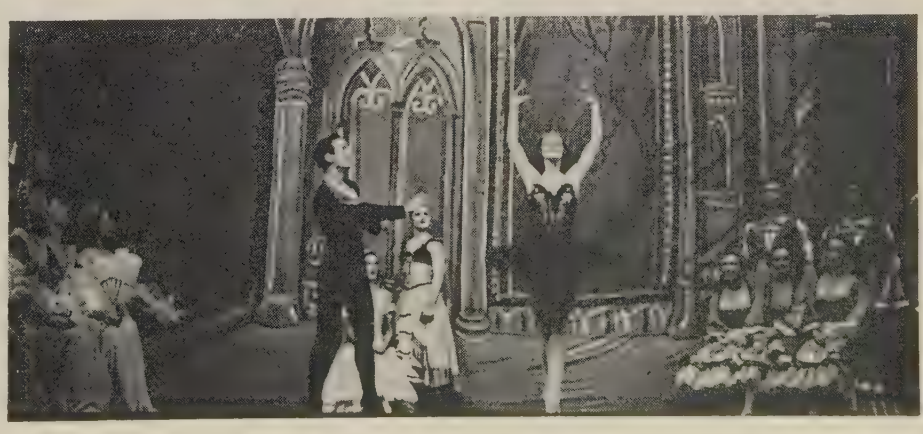
The mounting excitement which followed the first modest successes of the Sadler's Wells Ballet not only gave proof of the ability of British dancers, but also revealed the public interest in a form of art which had until recently been regarded as an exotic bloom incapable of growing in English soil.

London became the centre of the ballet world. The great Russians competed and collaborated. A score of new stars blazed in the West End and the little constellation above Sadler's Wells of Rosebery Avenue shone bright and clear.

In South Africa adoring and curious eyes watched the rise of the new people—people with whom many of our teachers had studied

REVIVALS: The University of Cape Town Ballet in Frederick Ashton's Les Rendezvous, *which was revived for the company in* 1952 *by David Poole while he was on leave of absence from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet. Photo: D. Honeyman*

Below: *Pamela Chrimes, another South African, who was for some time a soloist with the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, in* Swan Lake *Act* 3, *given by the Cape Town Company. Photo: Geoffrey Mangin*



and striven. The "fancy dancing" and the competitions were not enough. We, too, felt the need to measure our skill against the demands of the great classical ballets, and to taste the triumphs and disappointments of original choreography. Our dancers, too, had to be trained, so that they might show their talents on the stages of South Africa and perhaps later the world.

With this ambition I formed a small unpaid company of dancers from the University of Cape Town Ballet School, and later Cecily Robinson started a Ballet Club to incorporate the dancers from all the dance studios. In 1938 for the first time in South Africa *Les Sylphides* was presented with a local company at the Alhambra Theatre. Even as recently as this it was thought unwise to allow the male dancer to perform his solo, and the ballet was put on as a curtain raiser to a Boris Karloff horror film!

The war years did not halt the growth of South African ballet, and the succeeding years have seen South African ballet grow strong and vital. Almost immediately after the war South Africa lost many of her young dancers to England. Pamela Chrimes, Jasmine Honoré, David Poole, John Cranko, Alfred Roderigues, Dorothea Zaymes, Joyce van Gheems, Nadia Nerina, Patricia Miller, Dudley Davies, Desmond Doyle, Peter Bosman, and Gilbert Vernon, to mention merely a few, and so followed the path of Maude Lloyd, Alexis Rassine, Eileen Keegan and Frank Staff, who had left our shores even before the war to further their studies and to join European companies.

Interest in ballet was strengthened by the visits of Frank Staff and Elizabeth Schooling, who produced ballets for the Cape Town Ballet Club, and Alexis Rassine, who danced in *Le Spectre de la Rose* and *Giselle* Act II during a short holiday in Cape Town. Later Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin collaborating with the combined forces of the University of Cape Town Ballet Company and the Cape Town Ballet Club, produced a season which included *Les Syphides*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Prince Igor* and *The Haunted Ballroom*. More recently there have been the visits of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet company, of Nadia Nerina and Alexis Rassine, and last year we were honoured to have Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes appearing with a South African *corps de ballet*.

In recent years the non-European community of the Cape Province has formed an organisation known as the Eoan Group, and the ballet section of this has, with the assistance of European producers, presented ballet performances with the Cape Town Municipal Orchestra.

The University of Cape Town, by establishing a Ballet School at its College of Music, rendered a great service to ballet in South Africa by making it possible to form a body of male and female dancers of sufficient technical skill and continuity of tradition to stage at home and on annual tours both classical and contemporary ballets.

The measure of the natural ability of South African dancers, and the soundness of their training in the studios of the dance teachers of Cape Town, Johannesburg and Durban, may be taken from the number of young South African dancers and choreographers who are making their mark in England today. Yet the question arises whether South Africa can look forward to a resident professional company organized on the lines of the Royal Ballet.

I personally believe that the ability and the talent are here. Furthermore it has been proved that there is a growing public demand for ballet performances. Yet a national company could not, however, be self-supporting. The Imperial Russian Ballet was supported by the State, today in England the Royal Ballet is, of course, part subsidised by the Arts Council. In Australia the Government has accepted the responsibility of encouraging a ballet company in the interests of the art itself and for the benefit of an intellectually eager people who are for the most part cut off from the artistic life of Western Europe. It would be wise, I believe, for South Africa to support ballet in the same way. With such assistance our dancers could find opportunity at home, instead of having to seek recognition and employment abroad, and a national ballet, partly by bringing artists from overseas, could stimulate the arts throughout the country.

HAUNTED BALLROOM: *The Cape Town company in a revival of Ninette de Valois' ballet, which was reproduced by Pamela Chrimes in* 1948.

Photos: John Adriaan

NERINA GOES HOME: Nadia Nerina with the Cape Town company in Giselle *Act 2. In* 1955 *she and Alexis Rassine appeared in their native country as guest artists.*

Ballet Music by Prokofiev

NEW RECORDS
Reviewed by DAVID HUNT

Prokofiev: *Cinderella*, Op. 87—Suite. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (Robert Irving). HMV CLP 1144. 12in. 35*s.* 10*d.* *Cinderella* —Suite No. 1, Op. 107; Suite No. 2, Op. 108. Royal Opera House Orchestra, Covent Garden (Hugo Rignold). RCA RB 16048. 12in. 39*s.* 11½*d.*

IT was high time we were offered more from *Cinderella* than the *Midnight Waltz*, which at least managed to find its way into HMV's *Sadler's Wells Silver Jubilee* collection. The music, by turns pungently romantic, ironic, spikily neo-classic and utterly charming, is as diverting to listen to by itself as it is in association with the ballet; and those who can afford it will want to have both these records, for they differ considerably in content.

Despite the fact that the RCA bears the legend "as performed by the Royal Ballet," what the Covent Garden Orchestra actually plays are the first two of the three concert suites Prokofiev later assembled from the ballet, elaborating much of the original material, and making changes in orchestration and in the sequence of items.

The HMV, on the other hand, concentrates on the first two acts, with the third represented only by the concluding *Andante dolcissimo*, and offering in correct sequence an abbreviated account of roughly half the numbers making up the complete score.

Irving's is undoubtedly the finer performance; his rhythms are more resilient than Rignold's, and he secures playing from the RPO, which points the score's subtleties with greater polish and sophistication than is the case with the Covent Garden Orchestra's performance.

The HMV recording is altogether the warmer and richer of the two, the RCA the more brilliant with greater prominence given to the percussion.

Romeo and Juliet *in Music*

Berlioz: *Romeo and Juliet*, Dramatic Symphony —Excerpts. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Lorin Maazel). Deutsche Grammophon DGM 18381. 12in. 41*s.* 9*d.* Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of New York (Dimitri Mitropoulos). Philips NBL 5028. 12in. 35*s.* 9½*d.*

Prokofiev: *Romeo and Juliet*—Excerpts from Suites Op. 64, Nos. 1 and 2. Tchaikovsky: *Romeo and Juliet*, Fantasy Overture. Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra (Lorin Maazel). Deutsche Grammophon DGM 18382. 12in. 41*s.* 9*d.*

OF these records of music inspired by Shakespeare's tragedy, the greatest gain to the catalogue is the selection from Prokofiev's ballet on the second side of DGM 18382. Lorin Maazel, a young American conductor who has recently won sensational success on the Continent, directs the Berlin Philharmonic in extremely impressive and satisfying performances of four of the movements from the Second Suite Prokofiev drew from the score, and one from the First Suite.

First comes *The Montagues and Capulets*, consisting, after a dissonant introduction taken from the beginning of the ballet, of the stately *Allegro pesante* for the magnificent Cushion Dance at the Capulets' Ball, with its central flute solo for Juliet's dance. Then follows the *Dance of Five Couples* from Act 2, *Romeo at Juliet's Tomb*, the *Dance of the Girls from the Antilles*, and, finally, the *Death of Tybalt*. This last section consists of the exciting duel music for Tybalt's fight with Mercutio and then with Romeo, followed by the powerfully dramatic music for Tybalt's *cortège*, a scene dominated in the Bolshoi's performances at Covent Garden by Ilyushenko's tremendous miming of agonised grief as Lady Capulet.

Though out of their correct order and tantalisingly brief, these excerpts make a much more rewarding souvenir of the ballet than the poorly recorded Russian performances of the Second and Third Suites formerly issued here on Monarch and which are now available again, in imported pressings, from Collet's Bookshops.

Maazel's conducting of the Tchaikovsky Fantasy-Overture has all the needed romantic intensity and *panache*, but there are more distinguished performances among the 12 other versions to be had, making it all the more regrettable that both sides of the disc were not devoted to a fuller selection from Prokofiev's ballet. If only we could have the complete recording of the score under Yuri Faier which, I understand, was made when the Bolshoi were here in 1956.

ELENA ILYUSHENKO: as Lady Capulet in the famous Cushion Dance from Act 1 of Lavrovsky's Romeo and Juliet.
Five movements from Prokofiev's music are recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra on a new Deutsche Grammophon release, reviewed this month.
Photo: Bolshoi Theatre

Writing about Berlioz's great "Dramatic Symphony," Bernard Shaw once suggested that conductors who, by omitting the vocal sections, encourage the popular idea that only the orchestral movements are worth performing, deserve to have their hands cut off! Thankfully, so drastic a punishment has never been instituted for this common musical crime, otherwise we should have long ago lost Toscanini, Harty, Beecham and many other celebrated Berlioz conductors—and Maazel and Mitropoulos as well, for both are here content to present only the orchestral portion of the score, Maazel also omitting the Introduction as well as changing the order of the remaining movements.

Mitropoulos' performance shows greater mastery, but the Philips recording lacks something of the wide-range brilliance of the DGG, and a tape hum mars the quiet opening of *Romeo's Reverie*. Munch's complete recording on ALP 1179–80 does far greater justice to Berlioz's intentions than either, and the enthusiast will want as well Toscanini's magical recording of the *Queen Mab Scherzo* on ALP 1418.

Gliere's Red Poppy

Glière: *The Red Poppy*—Suite. Ippolitov-Ivanov: *Caucasian Sketches*. London Philharmonic Orchestra (Anatole Fistoulari). RCA RB 16049. 12in. 39*s.* 11½*d.*

FIRST produced at the Bolshoi in 1927, *The Red Poppy* is the oldest Soviet ballet to have retained a place in the Russian repertoire—it was recently revived with Ulanova as the Chinese heroine, Tai-Hoa. Glière's pseudo-Oriental music has an ingratiating prettiness and a frankly popular appeal that disarms criticism, though it is interesting to compare the score—or as much as we know of it from this Suite—with Prokofiev's full-length ballets.

Whereas the younger composer could be said to have taken over all that was best in the great Tchaikovsky ballets, revitalising and enriching an outworn tradition, Glière seems to have taken his lead from Glazunov at his most banal.

Of the five numbers included in the Suite—*Heroic Dance of the Coolie*, *Scene and Dance with the Golden Fingers*, *Chinese Maidens' Dance*, *Waltz* and *Russian Sailors' Dance*—the second, with its disconcerting reminder of one of Amy Woodforde-Finden's *Indian Love Lyrics*, is the least admirable, while the last, the rousing Sailors' Dance based on the folksong *Little Apple*, well deserves its popularity. It is all eminently dance-worthy and no doubt fits the ballet like a glove, but it is not the kind of music that I would want to hear very often.

Those who feel differently will find this well-played and vividly-recorded performance ideal for their purpose. There are more spirited performances available of *Caucasian Sketches*, but none as appropriately coupled as this one. Ippolitov-Ivanov was Glière's teacher, and though his taste was slightly more impeccable the two works have much in common.

A German in Denmark

Kuhlau: *Elverhöj*—Overture and Ballet Music. Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra (John Frandsen). Philips SBR 6239. 10in. 25*s.* 4½*d.*

FRIEDRICH KUHLAU (1786–1832), a German composer who settled in Denmark, is mainly remembered nowadays for some charming and only moderately difficult sonatinas well known to piano students. His orchestral music is evidently still performed in Denmark and, to judge from this overture and ballet music which he wrote in 1828 for Heiberg's romantic drama *The Fairies' Mound*, there is a great deal to be said for it.

The overture, which takes the whole of the first side, is a vigorous, well-constructed piece recalling Weber or lesser Beethoven. It ends with the Danish anthem, *Köng Kristian*. The dances on the reverse—*Polonaise*, *Contredans*, *Bornedans* (Children's Dance), *Pas de huit*, and *Minuet*—are a real discovery, abounding in delightful melodies and lilting rhythms. Before hearing the record I was a little surprised that a Danish orchestra should offer us something so obscure when there is so much worthwhile Danish ballet music unrecorded, but I was quickly won over. The excellent performance and recording make this a disc well worth investigating.

BON VOYAGE: At a party, given in the Foyer de la Danse at the Paris Opera, are Serge Lifar, Liane Daydé, Vinogradov (Soviet Cultural Minister in Paris), Hirsch (director of the Opéra), Michel Renault and Erlenger. The occasion was a party to bid farewell to Daydé and Renault before their trip to Moscow and Leningrad. In Russia the two dancers received a very warm welcome and were particularly successful in Giselle *and the* Black Swan pas de deux. *Other works given were Lifar's* Entre deux Rondes *and* Romeo and Juliet *(Tchaikovsky).*

MARAIS DESIGNER: Jean Marais is a famous actor on the French stage and has won international fame in films, but a side of his capabilities less known outside France is that he is also an excellent designer. Here he is seen with one of the dancers demonstrating how one of his costumes should be worn in the George Reich musical, L'Apprenti Fakir *(reviewed on page 37). Photos: Lido*

curtain up!

Ballet Sabbath

THE new organization "Sunday Choreographers," which is planning to become a new-look Ballet Workshop, has provisionally announced its first programme to be given on March 23 at the Sadler's Wells Theatre. It is hoping to produce new works by Wolfgang Brunner, Meriel Evans, Anne Heaton and Terry Gilbert. Looking through the list of honorary members, I find it includes almost everyone who is anyone in ballet direction and administration from Anton Dolin to Michael Wood.

Considering the importance of the event, I find it odd that up to the time of writing, the Press have not been officially informed that such a group is in existence and I managed to see the group's leaflet which is being sent out with the Covent Garden mailing list. However, possibly by the time these words are read a press conference will have been called. In the meantime I understand that there is just the faintest possibility that the organizers will not be using the Sadler's Wells Theatre on that date after all.

The warmest welcome will always be given to any organization which gives choreographers a stage and when you think of the "discoveries" made by the two previous efforts in this direction—Ballet Workshop and the Sadler's Wells Choreographic Group—my hopes are high for the revelation of some new and much-needed choreographic talent. The two previous groups were responsible for the development of Kenneth MacMillan, Jack Carter, Michael Charnley, Peter Wright, Peter Darrell, not to mention several others as well as composers, designers and dancers. Let us hope that this organization receives the support it deserves both from the general public and from all those choreographers and would-be choreographers who were disgruntled at now getting a showing with the other groups. It may be your last chance!

Ashton in Milan

DINING with Frederick Ashton the other night before he left for Milan, he told me about his projects for La Scala. He is mounting a new version of Ravel's *La Valse*, designed by André Levasseur, and also staging the dances for Gluck's *Orpheus*. Although he has previously mounted a ballet to *La Valse's* "companion" piece—Ravel's *Valses Nobles et Sentimentales*—this will be the first time he has mounted a work to *La Valse* in spite of the fact that he was almost brought up on it when Nijinska created it for the Ida Rubenstein company in 1929. Ashton also told me that his long-promised three-act ballet *Ondine* will not be staged by the Royal Ballet until the Autumn. This production is getting almost as elusive as the spirit which gives it its title.

The young Italian ballerina, Carla Fracci, will be dancing in the Ashton ballet at La Scala. Passing through Milan myself the other day I was lucky enough to see her in Alfred Rodrigues' production of *Cenerentola*—the Prokofiev ballet *not* the Rossini opera. The ballet was very interesting, especially as it includes the section with the Prince's world-wide search for Cinderella, which Ashton omitted from his Covent Garden production. The most memorable aspect of the evening, though, was Fracci's performance in the title rôle. Here is a ballerina who should do much to restore some lustre to Italy's tarnished ballet crown. She ought to be invited to dance in England!

Ballet's new Britons

AT a time when so many people—among them even an M.P.—seem to have lost faith in Britain, it is gratifying to hear of people with enough belief in us to take up British citizenship. It is doubly gratifying for lovers of ballet when the two people in question happen to be Serge Grigorieff and his wife Luibov Tchernicheva, two of the last great executives of the Diaghilev régime.

These two great teachers and producers have in recent years added immeasurably to British ballet's storehouse of tradition, most notable among their many achievements being the Royal Ballet's productions of three Fokine ballet's—*The Firebird*, *Les Sylphides* and *Petrushka*. I am sure that readers agree with me in thinking that it is a matter of the utmost concern that we continue to use their talents to the best possible advantage. Unlike many other countries we have but few links with the past, and I would be glad to hear that the Grigorieffs had been offered an official position by our national ballet.

Eloquent Gilpin

"I WOULD so much rather dance for you as frankly I am terrified," said John Gilpin, as he started his lecture to the Festival Ballet Club at Caxton Hall on January 28. If he was really nervous he most certainly did not show it. With great natural charm he traced his career and answered many of the typical questions which young dancers are so frequently bombarded with. In the audience was Anton Dolin who, at question time, demanded: "Who is your favourite ballerina and why?" Cleverly skirting the issue, Gilpin without a moment's hesitation replied: "I have no favourite ballerina." He did later admit that of all the many ballerinas he had partnered, Margot Fonteyn was the one he would most like to partner again.

Another member of his large and enthusiastic audience asked which theatre he had most liked dancing in. His reply of "Stuttgart" surprised many. Apparently the German town boasts a

stage that is perfect for ballet as well as being large and wonderfully equipped. It is in Stuttgart's Staatstheater that Nicholas Beriosoff has recently formed a company and most ambitiously mounted a highly successful full-length production of *The Sleeping Beauty* (to be reviewed next month).

Royal return visit

PRINCESS Margaret, at her own request, went to the world première of Kenneth MacMillan's *The Burrow* at Covent Garden on January 3. She enjoyed it so much and found it so gripping that she asked to come and see it a second time. This is a rare and most welcome honour for ballet. Her second visit was on that now famous marathon evening, the final performance of the Royal Ballet's younger company at Covent Garden on January 17, when *Les Sylphides* was given with the season's three creations—*A Blue Rose*, *The Angels* and *The Burrow*. I saw Princess Margaret sitting in the stalls-circle with three friends applauding vigorously. And we also applaud her for her enthusiasm, which has done much to stimulate this memorable season.

It was also a marathon evening for Scottish dancer Donald MacLeary, as he danced a principal male rôle in each of the four ballets. Together with Anne Heaton and Donald Britton, he has shared the season's honours.

Franco-British Festival

TO London's Festival Ballet must go the honour of being the first British ballet company to crack that tough nut—the Paris ballet public. A few years ago they met the same fate as has been the lot of most British companies playing in Paris—a frigid reception. But the coldness of the Paris public to that first season at the Théâtre de l'Empire was offset, last year, by the warmth and clamour of their successful season at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Now I hear the company has been invited back for a season during the International festival at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt (Théâtre des Nations, for the occasion) in April. Britain's other contributions to this important festival are the Old Vic company and the Glyndebourne Opera Company. Paris will see Jack Carter's *Witch Boy* on the first night, April 17.

Later the company has been invited to play at the Paris Opéra while the resident company is in Russia.

I hear that the recent sell-out season of Festival's *The Nutcracker* at Festival Hall has had its effect. Although the next Christmas season will have to be limited to three weeks, the 1959–60 season is already scheduled for four weeks.

And they might be Cossacks!

JACOB MALIK, the Soviet Ambassador, was in urbanely diplomatic form at the reception given recently at the Royal Albert Hall to welcome the Ukrainian State Dancers. Himself a Ukrainian, Mr. Malik, after stressing the benefits of cultural exchanges between our two countries, mentioned many of the qualities of his own native troupe, at the same time pointing out "that the proof of the pudding would eventually have to be in the eating." On the question of the company's name, Mr. Malik ventured the thought: "Cossack?—yes, I suppose some of them very well could be descended from Cossacks!"

Also present at the reception was an attractively iced cake inscribed "Welcome to the Ukrainian State Cossack Company." It was, I thought, a particularly appropriate gesture on the part of impresario Victor Hockhauser to invite Britain's own "Bolshoi" ballerina—Beryl Grey—to cut the cake.

Listen! No singing

WHILE in Paris recently I managed to take in the last performance of the Caucasian Soviet company which had been playing at the vast Alhambra. So great was their success that they had been persuaded to give three additional performances in one of the larger stadiums of Paris.

In addition to thinking that this company was terrific I felt that possibly a great contribution to their success lay in the fact that there was absolutely no choral singing. Many of the folklore groups which have appeared in Western Europe recently have been marred by long passages of singing which, to put it bluntly, have become a crashing bore. Let us hope that all those who propose to send out any further of these groups in the future will profit from the Caucasian reluctance to burst into song.

They get around

EVER since I heard, some years ago in New York, Danilova speaking her rôle as Mrs. Potiphar in *Billy Sunday*, I have always longed to hear this beloved ballerina in another talking part. Recently she was engaged for a speaking and dancing rôle in the American musical based on *The Captain's Paradise* and called *Oh! Captain.* The next news was that when the show opened in Philadelphia she was out of the show, as there was no part for her. Now I am happy to report that she is back again in the show, so there is every possibility that my wish may be fulfilled.

ALGERANOFF, distinguished character dancer and previous member of Pavlova's company, has also been getting around. Recently he went to Norway to give classes to the Norsk Ballet in Oslo, thus following in the steps of Peggy Van Praagh. He came back very full of the promise shown by the young dancers. Now he has a job in this country which should prove interesting: he has been appointed as ballet master and also in charge of producing the singers' movements in the recently re-formed Carl Rosa Opera Company. Algeranoff is very enthusiastic about making the dancing scenes in opera more than just the imposition on the audience they so often turn out to be.

happy birthday to...

		March
Ray Powell	Royal Ballet	20
Valerie Reece	Royal Ballet	21
Vladimir Skouratoff	De Cuevas Ballet	22
Philip Mosco	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	23
Rowena Jackson	Royal Ballet	24
Joan Harris	Bavarian State Opera	26
Leonide Massine		26
Lilian Jarvis	Canadian National Ballet	26
Joan Benesh	Royal Ballet Organisation	26
Janet Greschler	American Ballet Theatre	28
Madeleine White		29
Jeffrey Kovel	London's Festival Ballet	29
Roy Carlton	Royal Ballet	30
Ivan Baptie	London's Festival Ballet	31
		April
Shirley Bishop	Royal Ballet	1
Leo Kersley	Teaching in Holland	1
Edward Caton	American Ballet Theatre	2
Michael Boulton	Royal Ballet	3
Lydia Sokolova		4
Antony Tudor	Choreographer in America	4
Basilio Tupine	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	4
Diane Westerman	Festival Ballet	5
Yvonne English	Royal Ballet	5
Charles Bennett	American Ballet Theatre	8
Keith Lester	Choreographer at Windmill Theatre	9
Diane Ireland	Canadian National Ballet	9
Dawn Swane	Festival Ballet	10
Carolyn Clark	American Ballet Theatre	10
Judith Sinclair	Royal Ballet	12
Kenn Martynne	Dancing in TV	14
Keith Milland	Royal Ballet	16
June Weiner	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	17
Henry Legerton	Royal Ballet	17
Algeranoff	Teaching in London	18
John Taras	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	18
Sallie Wilson	American Ballet Theatre	18
Jennifer Alderton	London's Festival Ballet	18
Marcia da Silva	De Cuevas Grand Ballet	18
Gary Burne	Royal Ballet	20
Richard Beaty	American Ballet Theatre	20

Dancer You Will Know

EDWARD MILLER

BORN in Newcastle, Australia. Main teacher was Jessie Brownley in Newcastle, and he made his stage début in 1951 *with the Australian National Ballet. After dancing in musical comedy he joined the Borovansky Company in* 1954, *where he remained until coming to England in* 1955. *He was auditioned by Peggy Van Praagh and joined the Royal Ballet second company in July,* 1955, *becoming a soloist in* 1957.

Creations: Waltz in A Blue Rose; *The Outcast in* The Burrow; *Rôles: Duke in* Giselle; *Duke in* Coppélia; *Benno in* Swan Lake; *Les Sylphides; Rake's Friend and Bravo in* The Rake's Progress; *Bridegroom in* La Fête Etrange; *Moon and Bridegroom in* Blood Wedding; *Brown Boy and* Pas de Trois *in* Danses Concertantes.

A YOUNG company will have its particular merits, but at the same time it will also inescapeably possess the inherent defect of immaturity. The average age of the current second national company is extremely low, and, as a consequence, the mature dancer is very much at a premium. Although Edward Miller is still young, his background and experience give his dancing and characterizations a toughness of outlook that help to provide a very necessary ballast to the bright, but still largely unformed, promise of the company in which he finds himself.

While his technique is well up to the high general standard expected of the Royal Ballet male dancers, it is more the intelligent perception and apparently careful thought that he brings to each of his rôles which mark him out. And it is these same qualities that have made his recent appearances in *La Fête Etrange. A Blue Rose* and *The Burrow* so effective.

New Books from France

Encyclopédie du Théâtre Contemporain, Vol. I—1850–1914. Edited by Gilles Quéant in collaboration with Frédéric Towarnicki, and designed by Aline Elmayan. Collection Théâtre de France, Paris.

Le Roman Vrai de la Troisième République: Avant 14, *Fin de la Belle Epoque*, edited by Gilbert Guilleminault. Editions Denoël, Paris, 1,200 francs.

TWO books recently published in Paris both have the merit of painting a broad canvas in which ballet takes its place in proper perspective. The first, and the more important, is the first volume of the *Encyclopédie du Théâtre Contemporain*, a comprehensive survey of the French theatre from 1878 to 1914 (with a brief introduction harking back to the Romantic period), most lavishly illustrated in monochrome and colour. Encyclopaedias are usually dull works, intended only for reference, but this is far from being true to type. Planned to be read, its contents are not an alphabetical series of laconic biographies but a number of essays, each written by a specialist, which follow one another in logical sequence.

Three of these are devoted to ballet. Marie-Françoise Christout contributes a concise survey of French ballet from the creation of *Sylvia* at the Opéra to the outbreak of the First World War, a period when the art was slumbering, artistically, before its awakening at the arrival of Diaghilev. The male dancer had become almost an extinct species, and Mlle. Christout quotes an amusing passage from the speech of a certain deputy in 1891: "Since male dancers are only there to support the ballerina, the management of the Opéra might just as well engage bus drivers for these parts at three or four francs an evening." But it was, nevertheless, the period of the last of the all-powerful stars of the Opéra, Carlotta Zambelli, and there is much else of interest besides. The Italian ballets at the Eden-Théâtre aroused great enthusiasm in the 'eighties, and in the early years of the present century Isadora Duncan and Loie Fuller flit across the stage as harbingers of new influences to come.

The early seasons of Diaghilev are only briefly mentioned in Mlle. Christout's essay, for these are treated at greater length by Jacques Damase. It is, however, the illustrations rather than the text which evoke the splendour which Bakst and Benois lavished on Paris, and one has only to turn back the pages to be reminded of some of the hideous sets which were inflicted upon the audiences of that time to realize the impact the Russian Ballet made. The dominating figure of Diaghilev is not forgotten, and Jean Cocteau contributes a gem of a study on the great impresario.

The real value of this work, which must be counted as one of the most important theatrical publications to come from Paris for many years, is that it gives a balanced survey of the Parisian theatrical scene over a period of some forty years and, for the student of ballet, enables him to correlate the achievements of Diaghilev and his team with other great figures of the time, with Bernhardt, Duse and Réjane, Mounet-Sully and de Max, and—even more important—with Lugné-Poe and Rouché, who led the revolt against the sterile realism of *fin de siècle* décor.

The study of Jacques Rouché and the Théâtre des Arts is of particular interest at this moment, on account of his recent death, on November 7, at the age of ninety-five. Under his direction between 1910 and 1913 the Théâtre des Arts continued the work of Lugné-Poe by formulating the principle that décor should be at the service of the piece being played. As a result, a new school of French stage design was evolved which shed some of the barbaric splendour of the Russian palette to gain a distinctive touch of Gallic delicacy. Rouché's contribution to the development of the *mise en scène* continued when, in 1914, he became Director of the Paris Opéra, a post he held until after the Second World War. Today his direction of the Opéra is looked upon by all as a golden age; perhaps no other Director has been held in greater respect. He not only revolutionized stage design in one of the strongholds of conservative tradition, but did much to raise the prestige of the Paris Opéra Ballet by applying to that august institution something of the bold touch of Diaghilev himself. It was Rouché who engaged Lifar, an act which has had the most far-reaching consequences on the development of French ballet.

The second of these two new French books takes us back again to the early seasons of the Diaghilev Ballet in Paris. It is the third volume in a series devoted to the highlights in the history of the Third Republic, and a vivid section on the Russian Ballet by George Adam brings the period to life through its popular style and arrangement of illustrations in the text. Readers who browse further in this volume will no doubt be fascinated by Blériot's achievement in flying the Channel, the theft of the Mona Lisa from the Louvre, and the murder of the editor of *Le Figaro* by the wife of the Prime Minister, all of which were subjects which vied for popular favour with the artistry of Karsavina and Nijinsky and the brilliant sets of Bakst and Benois in those exciting years of the renaissance of ballet.

Ivor Guest

Owing to lack of space the following books will be reviewed next month: *Fonteyn, A Study of the Ballerina in her Setting* **by James Monahan (A. & C. Black);** *Dictionnaire du Ballet Moderne* **(Fernand Hazan, Paris) and many others.**

Dance and Dancers . . . . AT HOME

THE ROYAL BALLET (II) at Covent Garden

BALLET as a sport is as superbly unpredictable as rugby football. Who, for example, would have expected Wales to hold England to a draw at Twickenham? Who, for another, would have imagined that the dispirited band of dancers that last summer caused us disquiet at Sadler's Wells, should a few months later have had us cheering, when restored, revitalized and practically re-treaded they scored a triumph at Covent Garden as genuine as it was unlikely?

Credit for this rapid renaissance can be given in part to the great stimulus that the challenge of the Opera House provided for the young dancers of the junior company, and undoubtedly the fairly lengthy rehearsal period preceding the season also did much to help.

However, Dame Ninette de Valois, the company's Resident Director John Field, the Ballet Master Henry Legerton and the Ballet Mistress Lorna Mossford must all come in for their full share of bouquets, the more so since last season they collected a fair quota of brickbats. The dancing throughout the season was of a commendably high standard, and it would be quite fair to say that the problem of distinguishing between this and the parent group has become more a question of identification than of noting publicly any vast, fundamental difference in standards. On this present showing, although the junior company is obviously less grand, clearly less mature and markedly less balanced, it has, together with its own individual qualities, a homogeneity worthy of the Royal Ballet.

This is in no sense a retraction of my opinion of the company's season last summer. And why there should have been such a difference in standards between the two seasons is a problem beyond me. I can only congratulate a whole lot of people for pulling up their socks almost waist-high!

Poll stays the course

THE season opened on the afternoon of Boxing Day, in an afterglow of Christmas spirit and a surfeit of turkey. The first ballet, Cranko's hardy perennial *Pineapple Poll* immediately showed that the company was going to have at least a limited success. During the course of the company's nine performances at the Opera House it consolidated this favourable first impression, and at the end of its too-brief season the youngsters were dancing like tried veterans.

The three new ballets and the revival of Andrée Howard's *Veneziana* are all being discussed elsewhere, but it must be admitted that the general repertory was not very interesting. In fact, far too many of the programmes lacked balance, and the victory was won by the dancers often in the face of the most appalling choreographic odds. In considering the programmes, however, it must be remembered that few of the company's existing ballets could be adapted to fit the Covent Garden stage, and due allowance must, as always, be made for the inescapable.

Pineapple Poll took to Covent Garden like Gilbert to Sullivan—it proved, as anyone might have guessed, a natural. True the "masking" of the scenery necessary to make the comparatively small set fit the Covent Garden proscenium could possibly have been better done. But surely it is now only a matter of time before both companies will have the ballet in the repertory, and then Covent Garden can construct its own sets.

The season saw an assortment of casts. Tiny Patricia Cox, who has now almost made the rôle her own, played Poll with appealing piquancy. With her, and indeed with all the rest of the casts, the tendency to exaggerate Cranko's original choreography that was so distressing last summer, mattered less in the wide open spaces of Bow Street, and at times even became a minor virtue. Brenda Bolton, the alternative Poll, seemed, on the other hand, vulgar, coarse and hard. She was much more like a real bumboat woman, but very little like the scatterbrained Poll. In fairness her performance was vigorously well danced, and on her second appearance she achieved an individual gusto.

Donald Britton and Michael Boulton are both too well known as Captain Belaye to require much comment; both of them are dancers naturally more at home in the Opera House than in a smaller auditorium, and if Boulton could master the tap dancing with the same *élan* he brings to the rest of the ballet, his elegance would place him among the best of the rôle's interpreters. The new Belaye was Leslie White, a young character dancer whose very considerable promise first showed itself as the Rake in *The Rake's Progress*. White appeared to be more the senior NCO than Captain—a crime also found on Britton's charge sheet—but his dancing was splendid, and the idiosyncratic yet arresting style he imparted to the choreography showed these well-used routines in a completely fresh light. Some day someone is going to create an extremely interesting ballet upon his personal dance mannerisms.

Personal also was Johaar Mosaval's exquisitely danced portrayal of Jasper, and it was a pleasure to welcome back to London that endearingly Cockney comedian Stanley Holden in the same part. Among the rest of the casts, Susan Alexander as a simpering giggle of a Blanche and Gordon Aitken as a rough, salty Master-at-Arms, were outstanding.

Solitary Fokine work

UNHAPPILY this was the only ballet of the company's "traditional" repertory that it was possible to present. *Les Sylphides*, given in the Grigorieffs' version, came over well. Anne Heaton danced with some distinction, yet still seemed to lack the essence of Fokine's style. For just one moment at the beginning of the ballet I feared that Donald MacLeary was going to posture too much as the Poet. Yet after this slight moment of hesitation he gave a fine performance, which, despite its obvious immaturity, could still, with its lissom athleticism and sturdily robust partnering, be counted as among the best performances of this part during the last decade.

A dancer like MacLeary tends to get criticized more harshly than his fellows because of his evident potentiality. He is now developing into an excellent all-round technician, and his personality is slowly expanding. He is, by nature, a soft dancer, and the one obstacle that might impede his way to the top is a failure to combine this softness with the resilience of virility. The encouraging improvement in his dancing—and it was his season as much as anyone's—is almost entirely due to his newly-found vigour, and the future for him is very bright.

Owing to a stupid miscalculation, I unfortunately missed the alternative cast in *Les Sylphides*, which was led by Susan Alexander and Alexander Bennett.

Brave showing in great classic

IT was a bold idea on someone's part to let the junior company dance *Giselle* at Covent Garden using the main troupe's décor and costumes: and it paid off handsomely. Augmented by sixteen students, chiefly in walking-on rôles, the company put up a brave show in what is a pretty shoddy production of the ballet, particularly when seen through post-Bolshoi eyes. (It is fascinating to observe, in passing, that the only effect the Bolshoi ballet has had on any part of Covent Garden is on its audience; a regrettable fact that will doubtless one day prove dangerous.) I was also intrigued to note that the very slight variation between the junior and senior companies' productions in choreography and orchestration had been retained. However, the major divergence between the two, namely the extravagantly hideous settings and costumes previously used by the junior company, had mercifully disappeared—in, dare I hope, a hearty puff of smoke.

If the newcomers were at all conscious that their Big Brother was watching them, trans-Atlanticwise as it were, the confidence with which they went about their tasks gave no hint of it. Anne Heaton's Giselle had already been seen at Covent Garden before she departed from the parent group. It was—and is—a splendid characterization, firmly etched in detail, with a restrained yet highly-charged mad scene, and a nicely calculated grasp of period style in the second act.

Her Albrecht, Miro Zolan, had not previously been seen in the Opera House. He showed a fine, mature understanding of the rôle, and partnered and danced magnificently. His acting was closely integrated with his dancing, and in this as in his natural masculine elegance, he showed the Bolshoi approach to a *premier danseur* rôle, which is all too rare in British ballet.

There is no more dispiriting experience in the theatre than to feel oneself completely out of sympathy with the general reaction of the audience. Susan Alexander, dancing *Giselle* for the first time in central London during the current season, won tremendous acclaim from the packed house. This popular success was also quite largely reflected in her subsequent press notices, although here there were certainly a few dissenting voices. But among the tributes she received was a notice from *The Times* couched in more glowing terms than that anonymous but distinguished authority had given to Ulanova's *Giselle*, as well as eulogies from two of our most notable critics, Elizabeth Frank and, in rather more measured terms, James Monahan. Moreover, very many

RAMBERT DANCER FOR AUSTRALIA: Patricia Dyer, seen here with Norman Dixon in the Peking-made film of Les Sylphides, *is leaving England with Kenneth Tillson to join Australian Caravan Ballet to teach and re-start the company. We regret that her picture, on page* 13 *of the January issue, was inadvertently captioned as being Patricia Ashworth.*

members of the audience, whose opinions I usually trust, were greatly impressed by a début which in many ways was sensationally successful.

I report all this as a matter of fact. Personally I thought she was almost completely inadequate for the rôle, and should never have been allowed to have danced it on a stage where Ulanova, Markova, Fonteyn, Struchkova, Elvin, Grey and Beriosova have all so recently trod. She is young and inexperienced. However, as Carlotta Grisi created the title rôle on her 22nd birthday, Alexander's 21 years can objectively be taken into no great account. That she is inexperienced is hardly her fault, yet it was surely a quixotic gesture on the part of the direction to allow her to acquire experience of her first leading rôle in such a part and in such a place.

From the waist down Alexander appeared to give a competently drilled, and often attractive, performance, but from the waist up she appeared infinitely less effective. Her arm movements, to my mind, were *gauche*, inartistic, and possessed of little semblance of period style. (In this connection I feel bound to add that a very distinguished choreographer, who is far from partisan, told me that she had never seen *port de bras* more expressive of the Romantic ideal.) Her characterization appeared to be of the purest Kensingtonian, sweetly gay and as shallow as a puddle. Her mad scene conveyed hardly more to me than a certain mild dappiness.

This, I must insist, represents a minority view, and I am aware that I have possibly expressed myself more harshly than I would had she danced the part in less formidable circumstances or been greeted with fewer paeans of praise. She may have considerable talent in other rôles, her Swanilda, for example, might well prove admirable, but she is still far from being ready to dance Giselle. If all this sounds unduly hard it should be remembered that this is only one person's opinion, and any dancer who, on her first major appearance, is compared in the press with Pavlova, Fonteyn, Moira Shearer and even Kirsten Flagstad, may feel pretty well satisfied with the result.

Alexander Bennett, her Albrecht, was appearing under disadvantages which I have already outlined above. He was dancing well and acting with a direct sincerity. His Albrecht, well remembered from his days with the Ballet Rambert, has now acquired the added polish of Royal Ballet standards of technique.

Outstanding among the lesser rôles were Henry Legerton, as a sombre and dignified Hilarion, Margaret Lee as an exceptionally free-jumping Myrtha, and the splendidly springy and virile dancing of Michael Boulton in the peasant *pas de deux*.

The company, which succeeded in selling out the Opera House for most of its performances, ended its season on January 17 with memorably danced performances of *Les Sylphides* and all three of the new creations. As the curtain came down for the last time to the strains of the National Anthem, the company must have had the satisfaction of knowing that they won the right to their proud title, and secured a welcome for themselves whenever they want to return.

C.B.

TELEVISION

Ballets de Paris

Presented on Independent Television in *Chelsea at Nine* on January 7.

THE small group, directed by Milorad Miskovitch and Irène Lidova, has already made a name for itself both on the mainland of Europe and in South America, but this was England's first viewing of this most talented company. The ballet they chose to appear in was *Le Rideau Rouge* by John Taras, which was first created in Monte Carlo in November 1956. Its divertissement nature proved to be ideal for this kind of television programme. Curtailed and cut about as it was, the ballet still remained effective.

Separate from the main body of the ballet was the "Romantisme" *pas de deux* danced by Miskovitch and Irène Skorik. The latter is a dancer who has gained enormously in stature since she was last seen in England. She seemed much slimmer and looked very beautiful. They were seen together again in another *pas de deux*, "L'Amour," in the long section of the ballet given at the end of the programme. On both occasions they danced with great distinction.

It was a pity that Sparemblek's "La Virtuosité" variation had to be omitted, as I remember it as being one of the most exciting moments of the ballet. However, the rest of the group, which included Marie-Claire Carrié and

Vassili Sulich, gave a good account of themselves in "La Passion" and "Le Scherzo."

Both excerpts from the ballet were exceptionally well photographed and produced. In the first *pas de deux* good use was made of light and shadows against a white-corded black background; in the main ballet, the little circus tent was shown against a background which seemed to go on for ever. The use of camera-distortion gave an effect of great space. Richard Blareau's music sounded much better on television than in the theatre. Altogether a most auspicious curtain-raiser to what we hope will eventually be a London season for this group. **P.W.**

The Rumanian Dancers

Presented on Independent Television in *Chelsea at Nine* on January 14.

SO bright and spontaneous did this obviously very young company seem on television that I imagine some viewers would have been encouraged to visit them in the theatre to discover whether their entire programme would be as effective. The men wear the long baggy Balkan trousers, the women more or less traditional peasant costumes. If one can take the dances presented in this programme as a guide, the company appears to have a very definite flavour of authenticity about it and, in comparison with other national dance companies, to have made the minimum of concessions to theatrical presentation.

Many of the dance rhythms are extremely varied and complex, and they are used for similarly elaborate if not very showy footwork, much of which is executed at a considerable speed by the dancers, who seem to possess an inexhaustible supply of energy.

The production was straightforward and sensible. Long shots, giving nice clear pictures showing the groupings, were wisely used most. **E.C.M.**

Basic Ballet make-up

(*continued from page* 19)

Powder

AN almost colourless powder, such as Leichner 116 or Max Factor 7R Neutral, is best. This will allow all the colours which you have so carefully blended to come through in their true tones. It is, says Ludmila Mlada, equivalent to applying a coat of clear varnish to a painting in preference to a coloured varnish.

A velvet-type puff is more useful than a swansdown one. With it the powder can be flicked on to the face and then pushed in; not wiped in. If it is merely flicked on to the face, it is rather similar to flour sitting on top of a piece of dough, and it is not likely to last the performance.

Body make-up, which is usually powder in liquid solution, must certainly blend with the face colour. It can be used in *ballets blancs* such as Act 2 of *Swan Lake*, for if not, during summer the swans may well appear to be unpleasantly bronzed. It must be noted that what appears to be a perfect match with the face colour in the bottle may turn out to be the reverse under lighting.

To remove make-up you may again use a cream such as Crowe's Cremine, or any pure oil preparation. Here it is worth recording that English cold cream has always enjoyed a high reputation abroad. In the last century it was customary for fashionable chemists in France and Italy to display announcements to the effect that they sold *Cold Crème Anglaise.*

Commonsense and Restraint

THE final effect must be attractive and it must be well-balanced in that no particular part of the face seems unnaturally prominent. So much is a matter of commonsense, of discovering the possibilities of one's face, and of using restraint in not spoiling a good idea by carrying it too far. A male dancer's make-up must, of course, look masculine. Therefore, boys who are naturally handsome are advised to resist the temptation common to youth of trying to look too beautiful or "cute," or pretty. An intelligent and thoughtful approach to make-up will, moreover, certainly repay the time spent.

For those who are interested in making a further study, the following books can be recommended. On the historical side, Neville Williams' *Powder and Paint* (*Longmans*) and on the practical side, Bamford's *Practical Make-Up for the Stage* (*Pitman*). Finally, we would like to thank Mr. Blore of Leichner and Miss Gardiner of Max Factor for their advice and co-operation.

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AMERICA

SEVENTH CAPEZIO AWARD

ALEXANDRA DANILOVA has been chosen as the recipient of this year's Capezio Award, which carries with it a cash honorarium of five hundred dollars, and these honours were bestowed upon her at a luncheon in New York City on February 18 that was attended by the leaders in American dance and the fields of its related arts.

The Capezio Award Committee, which is made up of Emily Coleman, of *Newsweek*; Anatole Chujoy, of *Dance News*; Martha Hill, Director of the Juilliard School of Dance and Walter Terry, of the *New York Herald-Tribune*, announced this award was bestowed "To Alexandra Danilova, as she approaches the twenty-fifth anniversary of her American début, for her service to ballet in America through her personal artistry, through her unfailingly high standards of taste and of duty as a ballerina and her continuing eagerness as a teacher and a colleague to share her vast knowledge of ballet with the junior members of that art to which her life has been uncompromisingly dedicated."

At the moment, Madame Danilova is currently the toast of New York in her speaking and dancing rôle in *Oh, Captain*, the musicalization of *The Captain's Paradise*. Madame Danilova's performance in this musical as well as the choreography for this production will be reported at length in our April issue.

DANCE THEATRE OF ISRAEL

THE Dance Theatre of Israel, which calls itself "Inbal," and which has already been seen in London, has had a great success in New York at the Martin Beck Theatre, where they have been presented under the aegis of impresario Sol Hurok and the auspices of the American-Israel Cultural Foundation. Under the artistic direction of Sarah Levi-Tanai, this group of nineteen dancers have been one of the most exciting artistic experiences in this area of dance since the dancers from Yugoslavia and the Greek National Theatre were here. Like both of these groups, these young Yemenite dancers dance, sing and act with equal facility and artistry and this combination provides a true sense of lyric theatre. Though they have a remarkable cultural background of their own, it is indeed most interesting to see that their heritage includes influences from the fields of both African and Oriental and their music and costuming is similarly interesting. No report of their season would be complete without special mention of the talented and lovely Margalith Oved and the striking Meir Ovadia.

After seeing this company, which has been held over in New York for an additional week before commencing its American tour, it is easy to understand why American choreographers Jerome Robbins and Anna Sokolow brought back such glowing reports of this group after seeing them in Israel.

Jerome Robbins gave an enormous party for the Inbal dancers and their directress three days before their opening, and every major dancer in New York turned out to meet and greet these charming people.

THE NEW YORK CITY BALLET

POSTPONED three times due to a delay in the creation of its costumes, George Balanchine's newest ballet, *Stars and Stripes*, set to music by John Philip Sousa, was presented three days before the close of the company's New York season and too late for review in this issue.

After a brief holiday and an intensive rehearsal period, the company leaves late this month for its long-projected tour of the East.

NEW MUSICAL ON BROADWAY

WORKS of art and contemporary subject-matter notwithstanding, *The Music Man*, starring film actor Robert Preston and with choreography by Onna White, is the most joyous, buoyant and beautiful musical production to come to Broadway since *My Fair Lady* breezed into town two years ago.

CAPEZIO WINNER: A new portrait of Alexandra Danilova who has just received the seventh Capezio Award.

Photo: Marcus Blechman

Set in Iowa in 1912, with magnificent regional settings by Howard Bay and stunning period costumes by Raoul Pene Du Bois, this new musical comedy has a book music and lyrics by Meredith Wilson that have a wonderfully evocative sense of this era. Its central character is a fly-by-night travelling salesman, played superbly by Robert Preston, who descends on small towns, sells band instruments and uniforms to the boys, and then usually makes his escape before their parents realize they have been duped. All of this provides the framework for some wonderful band-like music and some delightful dancing.

Onna White, who previously has assisted Michael Kidd on various productions, makes her highly commendable début as a Broadway choreographer with this production. There aren't any dream ballets anywhere, but all of her group dances are fresh, bouyant, have pace and focus. The most delightful and comic is "Marian the Librarian," set in a village library, with the children scooting in and out among the shelves, dancing over benches and generally making a shambles of the place. Also completely staged in terms of dance movement are the rehearsal and later performance of a Delsarte pantomime by the older ladies of the village.

Robert Preston, who has never danced or sung on a stage before, gives the performance of his career, and one of the finest of this season. From now on, since he moves so instinctively and so well, the dance world will probably claim him as a member.

BALLET THEATRE EVENING

EITHER late this month or early next month, Ballet Theatre plans to produce a programme of new ballets in workshop form on a Monday evening at the Phoenix Theatre just before the company leaves on its European tour. The Ballet Theatre Company will appear in William Dollar's *Octet*, to Stravinsky's score and in Igor Schwezoff's *Pas de Six*, set to Saint-Saen's Piano Concerto. Both of these works are being tried out with the view of adding them to the repertoire for the company's American tour which starts at the Metropolitan Opera House in mid-September. In addition, it is likely that a new jazz ballet will be mounted this Spring and eighteen dancers from The Ballet Theatre Workshop are to appear in William Dollar's *The Birds*, set to Respighi's music.

AMERICAN DANCE IN ITALY

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI has announced a three-week festival in Italy next June to demonstrate to Europeans the skills and talents of young Americans in the fields of opera, ballet, theatre and painting. This will be held in Spoleto, a small town near Assisi, that has a 1,000-seat nineteenth century theatre and a 300-seat seventeenth-century theatre. Known as "Festivals of Two Worlds," its dance highlights will include a ballet evening by Jerome Robbins. The programme will include a new ballet called *The Trainer*, a jazz ballet and Stravinsky's *Les Noces*. John Butler, who will provide the choreography for two of the operas, also plans an evening of chamber ballet that will require a company of about twelve American dancers.

Arthur Todd

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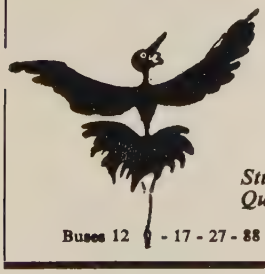

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FRANCE

THE PARIS OPÉRA

AFTER a long interval due to the holidays and to serious strikes, the Opéra has reopened its doors. While Claude Bessy and Peter Van Dijk received much praise for their performances in *Noces Fantastiques*, Claire Motte showed technical mastery and great musicality in the rôle originally danced by Lycette Darsonval in *Variations*.

Harald Lander's version of *La Valse*, with Liane Daydé and Michel Renault, was given its first performance on January 24 on the occasion of a special evening in homage to Maurice Ravel, commemorating the 20th anniversary of his death. Serge Lifar is working on a new version of *Daphnis and Chloë*, for which Chagall is to design the décors, while Bouchène has been commissioned to design a new *Lac des Cygnes*.

Next May there is to be an exchange of companies between the Bolshoi and the Paris Opéra, for which dates and programmes have not yet been definitely fixed. It is especially to be hoped that for this occasion Yvette Chauviré will return to her place in the centre of France's first company.

Because of the recent strikes, the first performance of Tomasi's *L'Atlantide* has been postponed until mid-February.

LES BALLETS HO

WITH Jean Marais' production of *L'Apprenti fakir*, which was given at the Théâtre de la Porte Saint-Martin for a month from December 19, George Reich and his small company were given ample scope in which to display their talents. First noticed in 1952 in Petit's *Le Loup*, Reich quickly abandoned the purely classical style for which his physique seemed to make him ideal, and has directed his gifts more towards the style of the music hall. His work as a choreographer for operettas has been praised a number of times in the past, but on this occasion he has attempted something bolder.

We are not concerned here with discussing problems of show business. But it is certain that this form of entertainment—half revue, half modern ballet—must find its particular formula in each country, poetic or burlesque, depending on the psychological climate. So far it seems that this production by Jean Marais has at least succeeded because of its clever simplicity, its lack of pretension, and the sensitive taste which is evident in some of its décors.

The theme is skilful and it allows the intervention of magic. A Fakir invites different members of the audience to come on stage where he will bring to life their dreams of what they would like to be. An eccentric old woman is transformed into the Bird of the Sun, in love with the Prince of the Birds of the Night. A young man, George Reich himself, asks to become a Fakir, too, so that he can convince himself of the sincerity of his fiancée, Nicole Croizille. Left to himself, George makes a thousand mistakes, and he abandons Nicole for Ursula, the Fakir's assistant. All three roam the streets, go to prison, or attend a street fair, before they are happily reconciled.

Indeed though, everything is not perfect in this production, which certainly has its dull spots; especially in the ballet of the Birds and in the prison scene. Sometimes banal, it would gain much by being cut. It is rare, moreover, for a dancer to have a good voice—still it is necessary that he should be helped by adequate lyrics and also have something tuneful to sing, as did Jeanmaire in *La Croqueuse de Diamants*, or as in the songs in *Irma la Douce*. Charles Aznavour does not approach the standard set by Raymond Queneau, neither is Marguerite Monnot satisfactory. Finally, a more serious criticism, the vital rôle of Nicole suffers from very bad casting.

Having made these reservations, there are a number of assets which must be praised. Firstly, the choreography by George Reich (assisted by Forest Bonshire) is simple but pleasant, and it allows the artists to show themselves in different styles. The sound production, after the score of Jeff Davis, uses all the resources of new techniques, mixing recorded and live sound. The use of gimmicks and tricks by the illusionists and the skill of the jugglers is clever and easy to watch, and greatly enhanced by the lighting. Finally, the décors are often very much alive, and the costumes of Jean Marais enchant the eye, being notable for their originality and general distinction.

After George Reich himself, among the performers who stand out are Ursula Kubler, for her droll humour and extravagant silhouette and the more sober Lucien Mars. Hardly revolutionary, *L'Apprenti Fakir* is pleasant light entertainment, breathing youth and vitality.

THE CAUCASIAN BALLET

COMING from Georgia near the border of Turkey, this company, formed in 1945, opened its season at the Théâtre de l'Alhambra on December 19, where it repeated the success of its Soviet predecessors. Without equalling the rightly famous Moiseyev and Beryozka ensembles, it still offers great attraction in presenting Caucasian dances, the originality of which is already known. But again it is the male dancers who are superior—the women have been reduced to gliding about the stage in small steps, virtually dancing with their hands and arms.

The men dance with fire and abandon without sacrificing the precision of their jumps, turns, and the use of the fabulous *pointes*. Indeed, this is not classical *pointe* work supported by blocked shoes. On the contrary—their boots are as supple and soft as gloves. In this uncommon pose they show amazing virtuosity, executing with equal skill *relevés*, *piqués*, *manèges* and various jumps. Without doubt, it is the only example of this form of movement used in folk dance.

To the music of an accordion, two small flutes and, in particular, to the complex rhythm of drums, highly disciplined groups form many different patterns—circles of girls, long processions of couples, squares, diagonal lines and spirals. Coming from Tiflis, Khevsoursk, Kazbek and Abkhazk, the following characters appear over and over again in the dances—fishermen, young girls, knights and warriors—and there are also some humorous numbers.

The women wear scarves around their heads and long gowns with flowing sleeves; the men are clad in black, embroidered in gold, and wear astrakhan caps. But one must be a little disappointed with an element of monotony in the programme.

Marie-Françoise Christout

L'APPRENTI FAKIR: *George Reich (right) as the young man who tries to become a fakir so that he can test the sincerity of his fiancée. Reich was also responsible for the choreography of this lively musical show. Of the various settings in which the principals find themselves one of them is at a street fair. This acts as the background to a Rock 'n' Roll number, one of the best in the show. Françoise Grés is seen in this number in the picture below.* *Photos: Lido*

BALLET IMPERIAL

continued from page 25

phrasing and an uncertainty in a characterization that only Elvin has made completely convincing, Nerina's is one of the most exhilarating technical displays to be seen in present-day ballet.

The second ballerina was one of Beryl Grey's greatest triumphs, her performance being magnificently fluent, graciously authoritative and deeply felt. It was to be regretted that in her latter years with the company she gave up the part to dance the prima ballerina rôle to which her physique and temperament were not so ideally suited. A worthy successor to Grey has been found in Svetlana Beriosova, and the rôle has also been danced by Gillian Lynne, Rosemary Lindsay and Anya Linden. During the 1956–7 season Shirley Grahame gave a few very promising performances, the challenging vitality of which suggested a new aspect of the rôle's choreography quite distinct from the lyricism of her British predecessors in the part.

The *premier danseur* has little actual dancing to do, but the rôle is a difficult partnering assignment, and requires innate nobility and a sure sense of style. In this Michael Somes has so far proved irreplaceable. In the magazine *Ballet* (May, 1950) Kirstein wrote of his performance: "Few American dancers can walk simply, yet with authority, across a stage emptied of all other movement, as Michael Somes does in Balanchine's *Ballet Imperial*, holding his scene, a mimic duchy, by the mastery of his own moral conception of the lively symbol of the Prince." While it is not impossible that the "moral conception of the symbol" belongs more to the audience and Mr. Kirstein than to Mr. Somes, it is certainly true that very few dancers, American or not, can walk as simply as he. The part has also been danced in the English production by John Field, Kenneth Melville (who in his early performances came close to success), Philip Chatfield, David Blair (who technically has danced and partnered better even than Somes, but has yet to light upon Kirstein's "lively symbol"), and recently with great promise by Pirmin Treca.

The two male soloists who join the second ballerina in the long, lyrical *pas de trois* in the 1st movement, have had a variety of interpreters since John Field and Kenneth MacMillan, including Chatfield, Bryan Ashbridge, William Barrett, Ronald Hynd, Desmond Doyle, David Blair, Gary Burne and Christopher Newton. All have, on occasion, been good, but perhaps the most satisfyingly musical performances of this *pas de trois* have come in recent years from Beriosova, Doyle and Hynd a few seasons ago.

For the most part the *corps de ballet* has been satisfactory, the boys exceptionally so. However, performances at times have been desperately under-rehearsed and decidedly shoddy, and for a long time it would have been idle to suppose that our English girls could give this kind of choreography with the same athletic precision of Balanchine's own American dancers. Yet when the ballet was revived last season by the ballet-master, John Hart, it could be seen that the new generation of young dancers that has arisen in the seven years since the ballet's first production, has far more of the vitality and attack that the ballet requires. Hart, who has never danced in the ballet but understudied Somes's part with Balanchine, gave the work a faithful revival and on its last appearance it appeared to be in better general shape than ever before.

COVER STORIES

This month's front cover, by Serge Lido, is of Toni Lander and Vladimir Skouratoff in the *pas de deux* from the last act of Françoise Sagan's ballet *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* now playing at the Dominion Theatre, London.

LANDER was born in Copenhagen in 1931. At the age of six she became a student in the school of the Royal Danish Ballet at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen. Her progress was rapid and at the age of 17 she made her début in *Etudes*. Shortly afterwards she married the choreographer of that ballet, Harald Lander, who was then the company's ballet master.

When Harald Lander left Copenhagen in 1951, to become a ballet master at the Paris Opéra, Toni accompanied him. For several years she trained with many of the great Paris teachers and occasionally made appearances in concerts or as a guest artist.

When Harald Lander was invited to revive a one-act version of Bournonville's *Napoli* for London's Festival Ballet in 1954, Toni came to London to assist him; she joined the company in the same year.

In the following year, Harald Lander mounted his second work for London's Festival Ballet—*Etudes*. Toni danced the principal rôle and her success was such that it brought her international fame. She temporarily left the company during the London summer season in 1957 and recently joined the company which is mounting Françoise Sagan's *Le Rendez-vous Manqué*, which is embarking on a world tour.

SKOURATOFF was born in Paris of Ukrainian parents. At an early age he studied with Preobrajenska and Kniaseff. In 1946 he joined Lifar's Nouveau Ballet de Monte Carlo. In 1947 he joined the De Basil Ballet Russe. The following year he was with Roland Petit's newly-formed Ballet de Paris. With Jacqueline Moreau, he joined Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées in 1951. In 1952 he joined the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas as one of its principal male dancers. Early this year he took temporary leave of absence to join the *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* as its male lead.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

Feb.
18 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
22 (M) *Les Sylphides, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
22 (E) *Les Sylphides, La Péri, The Lady and the Fool*
25 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Beriosova, Blair)
27 *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
28 *The Prince of the Pagodas* (Linden, Hynd)

Mar.
1 (M) *Sylvia* (Fonteyn, Somes)
1 (E) *Sylvia* (Nerina, Chatfield)
3 *Scènes de Ballet, The Rake's Progress* (revival), *The Firebird*
4 *Les Sylphides, The Rake's Progress, The Firebird*
5 *Scènes de Ballet, Coppélia* (Nerina, Blair)
6 *Les Sylphides, La Péri, Daphnis and Chloe*
7 *Les Sylphides, La Péri, Daphnis and Chloe*
8 (M) *Scènes de Ballet, Coppélia* (Nerina, Blair)
8 (E) *Scenes de Ballet, Coppélia* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
10 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes)
11 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair)
12 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
13 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Somes)
14 *Solitaire* (revival), *The Rake's Progress, Daphnis and Chloe*
15 (M) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Linden, Blair)
15 (E) *The Sleeping Beauty* (Jackson, Chatfield)
17 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
18 *Solitaire, The Firebird, Petrushka*
19 *Scènes de Ballet, The Rake's Progress, Petrushka*
Mar.
20 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Blair)
21 *Scènes de Ballet, Miracle in the Gorbals* (revival), *Les Patineurs*
22 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Fonteyn, Somes)
22 (E) *Les Patineurs, Miracle in the Gorbals, Coppélia* Act 3
24 *Solitaire, Miracle in the Gorbals, Daphnis and Chloe*
25 *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Beriosova, Chatfield)
26 *Coppélia* (Lane, Shaw)
27 Gala in aid of the Royal Ballet Benevolent Fund—*Solitaire, Hamlet* (revival), *La Péri, Divertissement*
28 *Les Patineurs, Hamlet, The Firebird*
29 (M) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Nerina, Blair)
29 (E) *Le Lac des Cygnes* (Jackson, Chatfield)

These programmes, correct at the time of going to press, are subject to alteration.

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadlers Wells Theatre Ballet)
Provincial Tour

Feb.
10 Arts Theatre, Cambridge (2 weeks)
24 The Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon

Mar.
3 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton
10 The Pavilion, Bournemouth
17 The Palace, Plymouth
24 The New Theatre, Cardiff

Apr.
7 The Theatre Royal, Nottingham
14 The Coventry Theatre, Coventry
21 The Royal Court, Liverpool
28 Olympia Theatre, Dublin

May
5 Grand Opera House, Belfast (2 weeks)

FESTIVAL BALLET
Provincial Tour

Feb.
24 The Gaiety Theatre, Dublin (2 weeks)

Mar.
10 The Grand Opera House, Belfast
17 Empire Theatre, Liverpool
24 The Alhambra Theatre, Glasgow

Apr.
17-26 Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, Paris

May
9-22 Sao Carlos Opera House, Lisbon

June
17-22 Staatstheatre, Zurich
24-30 Deutchestheater, Munich
(further dates to be announced)

July 14–Sept. 13 The Royal Festival Hall, London

BALLET RAMBERT

Feb.
17 The Little Theatre, Middlesborough
24 Her Majesty's, Carlisle (2 weeks)

Mar.
10 The Grand Theatre, Croydon
31 The New Theatre, Hull

Apr.
7 The White Rock Pavilion, Hastings

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EUROPEAN FESTIVALS - 1958

The following festivals have announced that they will present dance and ballet programmes. Full details will be given at the earliest possible date.

WIESBADEN—May 8–June 1.
BORDEAUX—May 10–25.
COPENHAGEN Royal Danish Ballet Festival—May 17, *La Ventana, Night Shadow, Graduation Ball*; May 18, *Romeo and Juliet*; May 20, *Serenade, Don Quixote, Moonreindeer, Fanfare*; May 21, *Coppélia*; May 22, *Chopiniana, Le Spectre de la Rose, Symphony in C*; May 23, *Concerto Barocco, Floral Fête, Variations, Apollon Musagetes*; May 24, *Et Folkesagn*; May 27, *The Pas de Quatre, Vision, The Nutcracker pas de deux, Fever, Skaelmeri*; May 29, *La Sylphide, Graduation Ball*; May 30, to be announced; May 31, *Serenade, Don Quixote, Moonreindeer, Fanfare*.
BERGEN (Norway)—May 30–June 15
ZURICH—End of May to early July.
STOCKHOLM—June 1–14.
HOLLAND (Amsterdam, The Hague)—June 15–July 15. Foreign and Dutch Ballet companies.
GRANADA—June 20–July 4. Classical and Spanish Ballet companies.
DUBROVNIK—July 1–August 31. Ballet and Yugoslav Folk Dance companies.
GENOA—The Festival of Nervi, mid-July (dates and programmes to be announced shortly)
SANTANDER—July 25–August 31. American Ballet Theatre, Spanish Ballet companies and Coros y Danzas de España.
ATHENS—August 1–September 15.
EDINBURGH—August 24–September 13. Ballet Premières.
VENICE—September 11–28.
PERUGIA—September 20–October 5.
BERLIN—September 21–October 7.

NEXT MONTH

LOOK FOR A ROYAL BALLET STAR

on the front cover of the April issue of DANCE AND DANCERS.

INSIDE: LEONIDE MASSINE, pictures and text of his lectures on Red Indian dancing. Opinion and pictures of the London production of FRANCOISE SAGAN'S *Le Rendez-vous Manqué*. Pictures and opinion of a new production of Prokofiev's CINDERELLA in Finland and of Beriosoff's production of THE SLEEPING BEAUTY in Stuttgart. Ballet Perspectives; LE SPECTRE DE LA ROSE. Accent on the Male: MIRO ZOLAN. Recent creations in Paris by MARIE-FRANCOISE CHRISTOUT, and in New York by ARTHUR TODD. All the usual features and many of topical interest.

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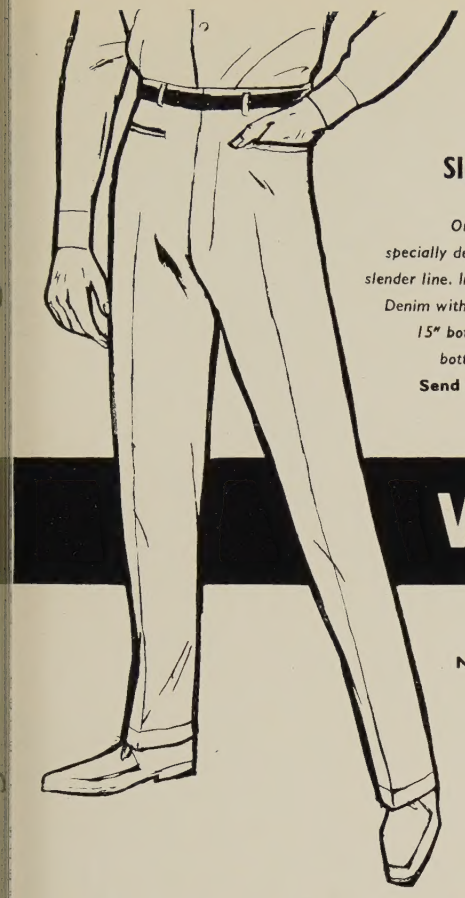

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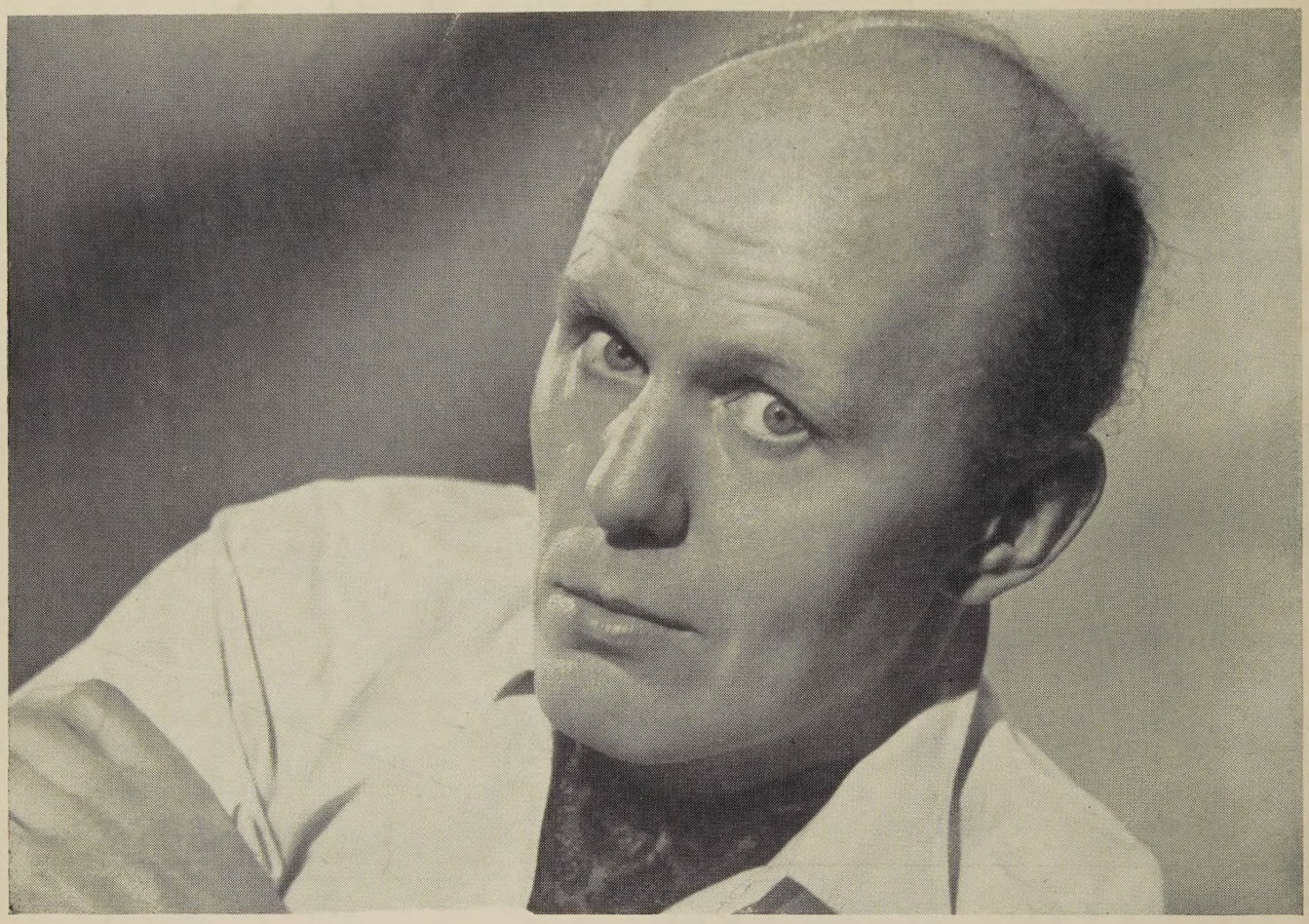

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